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Events of the Week.

THE full implications of the Allied Intervention in Russia are promptly revealing themselves. To confine the effects of three distinct landings to the single purpose of protecting the Tchecho-Slovaks, contemplated by President Wilson, was impossible. Yet another Provisional Government (the fourth) has been set up under the shelter of Allied armies at Archangel. An Allied proclamation, so the "Manchester Guardian" states, has been issued at Archangel, which declares that no Russian Government can be recognized, unless it regards itself as at war with Germany. Thus, it turns out that our forces have invaded a neutral country in order to bring about by force of arms its re-entry into the war on our side. The Provisional Administration constituted at Archangel satisfies this requirement. Its manifesto recognizes a state of war with Germany, and proposes to substitute the Constituent Assembly and the Zemstva for the Soviets. The first signature is "Tchaikovsky," who may be Mr. Nicholas Tchaikovsky, a well-known Socialist Revolutionary of the Right Wing, who spent much of his life as an exile in London. If this identification is correct, the new régime is not Monarchist, but rather Radical, and it proposes "to guarantee that the laboring classes obtain the land they are entitled to by right." Our policy will be judged by its fruits. Can any administration, even with Allied aid, galvanize a weary and starving Russia into effective belligerency before the inevitable German counterstroke?

* * *

THE news of the week from Russia, which began with the arrest of our Consul and Diplomatic Agent, Mr. Lockhart, in Moscow, went on to declare that Lenin and Trotsky, with all the members of the German Mission, had quitted the capital in flight. Mr. Lockhart was arrested presumably as a reprisal for the shooting of certain members of the northern Soviets, who are said to have been executed either by our own Expeditionary Force or by the White Guards who accompany it. He is, personally, friendly to the Revolution, and though even a nominal arrest is an outrage, there was

probably no intention to do him an injury, and he was, in fact, promptly released. The chief interest of this episode lay in the savage shout which it evoked from the "Daily Mail" for the shooting of M. Litvinoff. The news of the flight of Lenin and Trotsky from Moscow came from the semi-official German Wolff Bureau, and we take it to be a malicious invention or exaggeration. It is not the first of its kind. On the contrary, the fact seems to be that Lenin, Trotsky, and Kamenef have been entrusted with dictatorial powers as a Triumvirate to "save the Republic." Lenin is a man of iron will, the last person to flee from difficulties. It may, however, be true that the Bolshevik régime, assailed by so many foreign invasions, is tottering to its fall, but the end is not yet. There seems indeed to have been a notable military rally against the Tchecho-Slovaks on the Southern Front, and the wireless news from Moscow claims some successes against them. The Vladivostok telegrams in the "Times" call loudly for a great increase of the Japanese forces, on the ground that the Tchecho-Slovaks between the Volga and Lake Baikal are only partially armed and in danger of being overwhelmed.

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THE key to the departure of Herr Helfferich and the whole German Embassy from Moscow to Pskoff (outside the present frontier) lies in the fact that German policy is obviously preparing for a new orientation in Russian affairs. Two reasons are given for this flight: (1) that Moscow is unsafe; and (2) that the Ambassador is going to report at German Headquarters. We can guess the probable tenor of his report from a very illuminating letter, dated Moscow, July 18th, in the "Frankfurter Zeitung." Its correspondent after describing the general disorganization, and dwelling on the narrowness of the zone of undisputed authority which now remains to the Soviet Government, goes on to complain of the general hostility, open or furtive, to Germany. The bags of German diplomatic couriers are opened and the property of German subjects confiscated. The Commission for the resumption of trade finds every door closed to it. Neither formal notes nor personal interviews lead to any redress. After two weeks the assassins of the late Ambassador were still at large. There is no difference at all between the hostile anti-German articles of the official Bolshevik Press and the direct provocations of the Social Revolutionaries. In short, there is no hope at all of the restoration of normal commercial relations. If, then, Herr Helfferich reports in this sense, what must the conclusion be? Plainly to upset the Bolsheviks, and to restore the Monarchy or set up a temporary Pro-German régime. Rumor says already that to meet the Allied invasion, German forces are assembling to march on Petrograd.

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THE battle which began in the morning of August 9th has now continued for ten days, and its fortunes depend upon the development of the extreme left flank. A broad belt of land has been regained, prisoners and guns have been taken, the Allied communications have been improved by the pressing back of the German lines,

and the improvement in our position proceeds as by a geometrical rather than arithmetical progression. It seems certain that the Germans will be compelled to retreat not only from the Vesle, but also from their present lines across the Somme battlefield. But it is notable that they are voluntarily retiring in the Lys area and below Arras. This strategy promises to open up a new phase of the war. The German Staff is better advised to evacuate positions which may be attacked and are not easily defensible; and it is possible that the enemy will retire to the "Hindenburg line." It is difficult to think he will go unless he is forced, and it is this that offers chances to the Allies. They would gain a political advantage by the German withdrawal to the 1917 line, and they would also profit militarily by the tacit admission that the great Ludendorff scheme had failed. But unless the Allies can harry the retreat and force the Germans over the defensive line of last year, continuing the open battle, their task will still lie before them.

* * *

THE battle opened suddenly on the morning of August 8th with an intense bombardment for about three minutes, and then the Allied troops went forward in the morning mists on a front of some twenty miles between Braches on the Avre and Morlancourt. From Hangard southward, a distance of about twelve miles, the attack was delivered by the troops of the 10th British Army: Canadian, Australian, and English Divisions under General Sir Henry Rawlinson. Between Hangard and Braches the assaulting troops were soldiers of the First French Army under General Debeney. The sector attacked lay about equi-distant between Albert and Montdidier, and it included the region from which the Germans were able to interrupt the Amiens railways. Sir Douglas Haig, who was in command of the battle, succeeded in concentrating as secretly as ever the Germans had done, and he achieved a complete surprise. At the end of the first day the cavalry and light tanks were skirmishing twelve miles east of their starting-point, and the infantry were holding positions eight miles beyond their front line. The advance in the centre was least impeded, and south of the Somme the "whippet" tanks and cavalry were early fighting in the open, beyond the day's objectives, seizing trains full of soldiers, riding down reinforcements, and chasing staff officers who were only eager to escape.

* * *

ONLY on the flanks was the resistance effective. About five miles above Montdidier and between Morlancourt and Chipilly the Germans reacted strongly, and on Friday the resistance stiffened in the centre also. In the evening American troops first made their appearance in battle side by side with British troops, and the effect of this operation was to relieve the extreme left-flank of the attack. At the other end of the battlefront the Germans were still holding their positions some five miles north of Montdidier. On Saturday morning the French struck a blow on a narrow front below Montdidier and then extended their attack almost as far as the Oise. Montdidier fell early, and the troops of General Humbert's army hastened forward in pursuit of the enemy. It was this extension of the attack which revealed Foch's plan and opened up strategic issues. The new front was now moving eastwards, slowly it is true, in a direction normal to the communications of the Aisne-Vesle army. The pivot of the right-flank was that difficult tumbled country in which the Germans first met with a check to their offensive on June 9th, and the effect of the present advance is to restore the territory lost on that occasion, and also to add Compiègne to the important centres relieved.

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BUT already the resistance had hardened to an astounding degree, considering the completeness of the first breakdown. The restoration of a defensive front on the third day of so successful an offensive argues considerable skill and detachment. It constitutes the best commentary on the instruction of Ludendorff with regard

to the husbanding of the infantry. The Germans must very early have determined to write off their losses as unrecoverable, and have decided to stand in front of the line defined by Bray, Chaulnes, Roye, and Lassigny. The Allies were there a week ago; they are still there. The fate of the whole line turned on the Lassigny *massif*. Now this has fallen, the line will be withdrawn eastwards, though it cannot go far without necessitating readjustments in the Aisne sector. But already Amiens is relieved, and Compiègne seems about to join it. The Allies are computed to have taken 38,000 prisoners. General Humbert's army took 10,000 with 400 guns, and Generals Rawlinson and Debeney the rest with 600 guns. The Allied losses have been very light, and though there is little movement at present the pressure is maintained; fresh reinforcements have been attracted to this part of the front, and the new battle is fitting ever more perfectly into the scheme which Foch initiated below Soissons.

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THE battle has been marked not only by offensive tactics of the Cambrai order, but by a new use of aeroplanes, and it is worthy of note that the new arm is developing very rapidly. The functions of the aeroplanes in this battle included marking the line reached by the infantry; marking the positions of hostile guns, transport columns, and reinforcements; supplying advance troops with ammunition; co-operating with tanks by reconnoitring for them and making a smoke screen to cover their approach; co-operating with cavalry in harassing the retreating troops; attacking trains, railway junctions, and bridges; and, of course, performing their ordinary work of photography and visual reconnaissance. The smallness of the losses is largely due to the excellence of the aerial work, and we seem again within measurable distance of a new type of battle in which the airmen may take a decisive part. Cavalry have been used again very effectively in some cases, unhappily in others. But we are less than ever justified in writing the horsemen off as obsolete and useless. In spite of the improved speed and manœuvring ability of the new tanks, there are still tasks which the cavalry alone can perform, and, given good reconnaissance by the airmen, there is no reason why they should not come to their own in the later stages of the war.

* * *

THE nomination of a strong Commission to inquire into the strange history of the Cellulose monopoly dispenses the Press from the duty of comment. The names of Lord Sumner, with Lord Inchcape and Lord Colwyn as his expert assistants, inspire confidence, though it may be a cause of weakness that the Commission cannot take evidence on oath. The case for inquiry challenges the entire record of the dealings of the War Office and the Ministry of Munitions with the British Cellulose Company. The effect of these dealings was to create for a small financial group, with interesting political affiliations, the virtual monopoly in a vital war product. The further charge is that its manufactures were alleged to be "unsatisfactory" in quality, "markedly inferior" to those of a rival French firm, and that the delivery failed to come up to its promises, either in time or quantity. Another matter for investigation is the suggestion that the costs of its works construction were ultimately to be paid for out of public funds. The result of these favors was that the sixpenny shares of this company rose to £14 10s. a piece. Such charges, even when they are backed as these are, by the evidence of certain of the official experts, and the findings of the Select Committee on Expenditure, would seem on the face of them incredible, were it not that the names of several persons in this group suggest close association with the politics and journalism of the present Coalition. It is a case for prompt but very searching inquiry.

* * *

THE report of the Committee on the Luxury Tax impresses us as a very thorough *reductio ad absurdum* of that irritating proposal. It attempts, on the model of absolute and conditional contraband, to distinguish

between things which are always luxuries and things which become luxuries when their price exceeds a certain level. Some of the absolute luxuries might certainly be taxed without difficulty and with much advantage—yachts, for example, or rents of grouse moors. But is anyone buying yachts to-day? A grand piano or a good violin may be a luxury to an amateur, but an essential tool to an artist. Furs, feathers, and jewels would certainly be good subjects for taxation. On the other hand, the attempt to lay down a level of prices would certainly encourage the production of shoddy and perishable articles, with the result that more labor and more money would be wasted than at present. We doubt if the yield of such taxes would be large, and the expenses and difficulties of collection would be intolerable. Opponents of the Government would wish for nothing better than a few months of this tax before the Election. The sound method in taxing luxuries is to tax incomes above the level which is required for a reasonable standard of comfort.

Mr. HENDERSON has made the inevitable comment on the Government's decision to refuse passports to the small and very influential group of Labor leaders who desired to meet Troelstra in Switzerland. The Government can do without Labor's assistance in the sphere of policy; "that is essential only in the trench, field, and factory." The case is rather worse than that. What Labor proposed at this stage was merely to gather information as to the real mind of the German Socialists. It has been twice frustrated. Mr. Troelstra was forbidden to bring his knowledge and their message to London. Our Labor Party is now forbidden to go in search of information. The decision is the more outrageous since it was Mr. Henderson, so lately a member of the War Cabinet, who was to head the little commission of inquiry. The inference is plain. The Government reinforces all the normal devices of the Censorship by forbidding Labor to break through the curtain. It must not go to a neutral centre, where alone information may be gleaned as to the real opinion of the masses in the enemy countries. Labor is warned. It can achieve its International Conference only by a hard and determined battle with the present Cabinet.

THE condemnation of M. Malvy has evidently excited very strong feeling in France. Opinion is divided, but, if one may judge by the Parisian Press comments, the balance of opinion is against the Senate. Only the reactionary papers, and those that are attached to the Government, such as the "Homme Libre," the "Petit Journal," and the "Radical," approve the verdict, which is as strongly condemned by independent papers, such as the "Eveil," the "Œuvre," and the "Victoire," as by the Press of the Left. In the provinces the "Dépêche de Toulouse," which is the French "Manchester Guardian," severely blames the verdict, as do most of the leading provincial papers. The claim of the Senate to be a "sovereign court," which means, in plain language, above the law, alarms so Conservative a paper as the "Journal des Débats," as well it may. The "Temps," which supports the claim, maintains that the Senate sitting as a High Court is bound only by the clause of the Constitution which gives it the power to judge Ministers for "crimes committed in the exercise of their functions," and that this clause gives it the right to define the crimes and punish them as it pleases. The "Journal des Débats" remarks that there is not a word in the Constitution to justify this interpretation, and that the "crimes" that the Senate has to judge are those recognized as such by the Penal Code. In fact, the Senate claims arbitrary powers, and, if its thesis and that of the "Temps" are to be accepted, it could, for instance, condemn M. Poincaré to death for having concluded the agreement with the Russian Government about the Left Bank of the Rhine. The weapon that the Senate has forged for itself is double-

edged, and, as the "Populaire" has remarked, might in the future be used against those that now employ it.

M. MALVY, in his letter to the President of the Chamber, says that the campaign against him dates from the strikes of last year, and that his real crime consists in having forced the masters to meet their employees and concede their just demands. That he is right is shown by M. Clemenceau's famous speech against him in the Senate last year. The chief ground on which M. Clemenceau accused M. Malvy of having "betrayed the interests of his country" was that he had refused to repress the strikes by force and had put pressure on the employers. The principal strike in question was that of the "Midinettes," or Parisian women workers, who struck merely because they were still being paid the miserable pre-war wages, although the cost of living had doubled. The employers had proposed to institute the Saturday half-holiday with a proportionate reduction of pay, so that the weekly wage would have been lower still. M. Malvy compelled the employers to grant a Saturday half-holiday with a full day's pay, and to concede the very small increase in wages demanded by the "Midinettes," few of whom even now earn more than four shillings a day. It is for this reason that the General Confederation of Labor has declared his condemnation to be an attack on the working classes. It is already evident that the trade unionists and Socialists will take up the challenge, as M. Renaudel has declared in "L'Humanité." They will be joined by a large number of bourgeois Republicans. When the Chamber meets again, three weeks hence, the question will come before it, and it is possible that M. Clemenceau will find that he has sacrificed his interests to his vindictiveness.

THE Finnish "White" Party has taken the plunge, and decided, in face of all the constitutional obstacles, to set up a Monarchy. The present Diet is, to begin with, merely a rump, for it has expelled the ninety Socialist members, who were the biggest party in its original 200. The Constitution required a five-sixths majority for such an innovation as the creation of a monarchy: that was out of reach. The Monarchists have now fallen back on the quaint fiction that the ancient Swedish Constitution of the pre-Russian period is still in force, and therefore that Finland is already a monarchical State. It remains, then, only to choose a king, and by fifty-eight votes to forty-four the Diet has authorized the Executive to nominate a candidate and to submit his name to it in the next Session. How far this policy is due to direct German pressure, how far to the acute class conflict in Finland we cannot pretend to say. It seems to have the approval only of the wealthier Finnish-speaking element, while all the masses of both races and most of the Swedish middle-class are against it.

If Parliament were sitting, it is possible that the case which came this week into court might have made an end of the shameful ordinance, 40 D. A young woman, charged with the offence of communicating venereal disease to a soldier, refused to submit to the disgusting process of examination. Mr. Muskett, for the Crown, attempted to argue that her refusal alone entitled him to a conviction. We are glad to see that the magistrate refused to accept this plea. Already it is known that in fully half the cases that have come into court the accused woman has been found, on examination, free from disease. Nothing but malice can have inspired these charges. How often, we wonder, has the threat to bring a charge, and force the hateful examination, reinforced the hold of bullies over women? The regulation, which imposes no penalty whatever on soldiers who communicate these diseases to women, was imposed only after Sir George Cave had failed to carry similar legislation in the House.

Politics and Affairs.

THE POLITICAL INITIATIVE.

MILITARY success in such a war as this has its direct political value. It enables the Government behind the advancing armies to assume the political initiative. The military defensive and the political defensive inevitably go together. A Government whose armies are not winning obvious victories in the field, and whose hopes of eventual military success are not yet legible in the trend of events, is condemned to constrained and embarrassed movements in the diplomatic field. It can make no proposals without the risk of misconception. In the oratorical dialogues across the trenches it may accuse, it may indict, and it may answer the enemy's proposals, but it cannot lead or initiate. The turn of the tide in France is about to make for Allied statesmanship a wholly new opportunity. It now holds, politically, the dominant positions. It is on top of the ridge, and from its vantage ground it may speak. If the great speeches which Mr. Wilson delivered last winter had been made to an enemy who had seen the advance of the young American troops, who had given ground before them, and knew that month by month 300,000 of these fresh recruits would cross the Atlantic, the effect of his reasonings and his appeals, his assurances, and his threats would have been redoubled. In those speeches Mr. Wilson tried, as no Allied statesman has tried, to assume the political offensive, in spite of the fact that the military offensive was as yet impossible. He failed in his effort, and he failed mainly because our enemies believed that the power to shape events was still in their own hands. There they were right. They had the initiative for half-a-year longer. They squandered their political chance, grabbed the fruit of a Russian peace within their reach, and lost their hopes of a general peace. The initiative is now visibly returning to us. We will not say that it has come as yet. A shock has been dealt to the self-confidence of the enemy, but he still argues (as we should argue in his place) that one reverse may be accidental, and still hopes that autumn may retrieve what summer has lost. That illusion cannot last for long, if indeed it is sincerely entertained, even to-day, by clear-sighted Germans. The battle may sway, backwards and forwards, for many a month yet over the same devastated area of France, and the defence may be obstinate, resourceful, and prolonged. None the less it is the phase of defence, the stone-walling stage which is about to begin, and the end, distant though it may be, is determined by that ceaseless flow of American reinforcements. The end, if we must wait for the demonstration by accomplished facts, may lie two or even three years ahead. Are beings endowed with some of the appearances of reason to wait until actual facts have proved that an Army which monthly adds 300,000 men to its ranks, must eventually prevail over an Army which can nowhere find fresh reserves? It lies with statesmanship to facilitate this operation of reason.

We will assume that statesmanship is willing by political action to hasten the end. Even the Bitter-Ender knows, in some dark recess of his mind, that you cannot by "attrition" maim the manhood of your enemy without in some measure laming your own, and his ruin would be a poor consolation if our own debts

had passed the limits of solvency. It is half the task of statesmanship in such a case to state our irreducible demands with lucidity and firmness. The restoration of Belgium as a question not of bargaining but of right, the restitution of all occupied territory, and the loosening of the cruel grip which has all but strangled Russia—these are the first elements of any peace, and they mean the utter defeat of "Prussian militarism" by the renunciation in the East, as in the West, of all its cherished gains. When this is said, if our aim be to spare humanity the bitter useless years of the defensive phase, the purpose of a political "offensive" must be frankly to reassure. A nation will insist on fighting in the last ditch only if it believes that its own freedom and its own prospects of any tolerable and prosperous future existence are at stake. The idea of a League of Nations is the only possible formula for this enterprise. We begin to doubt, however, whether the exposition of this idea by politicians and journalists, whose minds are steeped in the passions of this war, is at present doing good enough to balance the evident mischief. The League is too often defined as though it were to be a kind of permanent police organization, devised for the sole purpose of fettering the German people. Mr. Barnes contemptuously conceded, the other day, that Germany must be within it, in the sense (as he put it) that society includes the burglar as well as the constable. Now, if we conceive the League as a future prison for the German people, we must not be surprised if our scheme fails to allure them. A League sketched in these terms adds a new terror to defeat. Mr. Balfour's refusal to admit that a scheme of discriminating duties, which translated into permanent tariffs our present emotions of hostility, is incompatible with the whole idea of a League, is another illustration of the same obtuseness. The standing objection of German Conservatives before the war to any sort of Concert or Conference was always that on every conceivable issue they were sure to be outvoted. The war has not lessened that objection. Until we are willing to show, by the language of our leading statesmen, and still more by our readiness to allow to German economic enterprise a fair field and an honorable career in the world, that the League will be a society of equals conducted for the good of all its partners, the idea will rather retard than hasten peace. We must insist on our side on disarmament and on the signature of a binding covenant of arbitration, but no State will disarm, unless it has some reason to believe that its partners will meet its future claims with equity and consideration.

Judged by these canons, Mr. Balfour's first essay in the art of political initiative was peculiarly unhappy. He had to say, and he did well to say, that civilization cannot tolerate German schemes of world-dominion. There are, however, two ways of saying that. One way is to denounce, and he did denounce, as though his only object were to stoke the fires of hate. The other way of saying the same thing is positive. If he had said in plain language, "Germany must consent to submit the Russian settlement to international revision; Poland, Finland, and the Border States must be the wards of the League of Nations and not the vassals of the Central Powers," he would have countered the Junker schemes of domination no less effectively, but at the same time he would have stated precisely what it is that we require. His speech as it stands is a challenge to the whole German people. In the other shape it would have found assent in wide circles of the nation. Still more unfortunate was his enunciation of the proposition that in no circumstances can Germany's African Colonies be restored. That came ill after our first success. It suggests the ugly inference that our first thought, in the

hour of victory, is of our own territorial aggrandizement. There Mr. Balfour was the worst possible interpreter of his country's true mind. The statesman bent on a political initiative would have spoken otherwise. He would have said that a League of Nations must regard immature native populations as its wards, whom it must protect from exploitation. He would have said that neither by the formation of naval bases, nor by the arming of the natives can we permit tropical Africa to aggravate the military problem of the future. Such a statement of the case would have invited a constructive answer. Already (though Mr. Balfour seems to be unaware of it) Dr. Solf, the German Colonial Secretary, has proposed a general agreement to abstain from arming the natives. It is by such expedients that the Colonial problem must be met. We shall not make a peaceful world by excluding a great industrial Power from the tropics—more especially if we insist on monopolizing their raw materials for our own use.

The political initiative cannot be confined to words. By its active policy of deeds our great Alliance is giving even to-day an earnest of the spirit which will guide it after peace. Mr. Wilson said, months ago, that the conduct of the Great Powers towards revolutionary Russia is the "acid test" by which their real character stands revealed. That test has condemned the Prussian alloy of violence with intrigue. We gravely fear that Allied statesmanship will survive it no better. The news is hard to decipher. While we disbelieve the tendentious German telegrams which represent Lenin as a beaten fugitive, we do not doubt that the Bolshevik regime, under the shock of German brutality, the Tchecho-Slovak assaults, and three Allied invasions, is tottering to its fall. That was, in spite of all disguises, the purpose of the Allied intervention, and the purpose is all but attained. What is the next phase to be? It is fairly clear that the Germans have for some time back lost all patience with the Bolsheviks. While our Press represents Lenin's party as the cowed or suborned tools of the Germans, those who have access to the German Press know very well that it describes them as incorrigibly and incomprehensively hostile. The rapid advance of our expedition from Archangel confronts German Headquarters with the necessity for prompt decision. It will probably decide to meet the Allied intervention. It can reach Petrograd before our small forces. It can threaten the Murman line from Finland. It could probably rush with no great difficulty to Moscow, if that were necessary. Will it simply ignore the Bolsheviks (who dare not invoke or accept its aid), or will it try to set up some Monarchist puppet in their place? We cannot pretend to read this riddle, but, however it is solved, the actual result must be that in one degree or another the Eastern war will be renewed. That we can use either of the Arctic ports or distant Vladivostok effectively, or spare forces for a vigorous conflict, we gravely doubt. That exhausted Russia can find the will or the men, the transport or the supplies, for a hopeful resistance is even more doubtful. In the event we shall have provoked a worse and more extensive phase of that German domination which we profess to be combating in Russia, and the Russians themselves—passive victims, for the most part, under the scourges of hunger, epidemics, and war—will be in the long run less able than they were to reconstruct a free existence. The moment for remonstrance may have passed. It seems painfully clear that Mr. Wilson's warning is being verified. We are not helping Russia: we are using her. Nothing so surely as our policy in this test of our sympathy and wisdom will try our capacity to make a League of Nations.

TACTICS AND NUMBERS.

THE year's campaign has been given a new and significant turn by the stroke east of Amiens in which Marshal Foch has retained and developed his initiative. Before the launching of the latest blow it was clear that even if the Germans could remain where they stood between the Vesle and the Aisne they had already suffered a defeat of the greatest consequence. The attack which had won the Aisne heights and carried the German line to the Marne was no excrescence upon their main plan, but an integral and essential part of it. Even if we imagine Ludendorff to be quite beyond the lure of historic cities, quite confident, at the end of May, in his power to secure a decision in the field, quite unmoved by less military and more political and moral objectives, he was still bound to clear his left-centre which his very successes had turned into an extended and vulnerable flank. To remove every threat to this flank as far as possible was a counsel of necessity, and hence it is obvious that Foch's counter-attack in reconstituting the threat, in effect put an end to the German offensive. Incidentally it redeemed Paris from peril and placed the development of the campaign in the Allied hands. So much we may deduce objectively from the situation. But we are wrong if we think that Foch's intentions are bounded by such considerations. The Allied Commander-in-Chief knows that he cannot retain the initiative without action, and he cannot but realize the exceptional chances of immediate action. And accordingly we find the approach to stability on the Vesle is at once marked by the opening of an attack on another sector of the line; and we must realize that the new battle is not a new conception wholly unconnected with the struggle west of Reims, and is not a mere attempt to recover territory. Whatever its later fortunes may be, the battle was aimed at the armies which covered von Boehm's flank on the Aisne and Vesle, and the sequence of events was exactly the same as in September, 1914, when Joffre attempted to force the enemy to evacuate the Aisne positions by striking at the flank beyond the Oise. And in both cases the final purpose was not to compel a retreat merely, but to inflict a decisive defeat upon the enemy. Marshal Foch will use every means at his disposal to disintegrate the German armies and secure the same sort of decision which Ludendorff sought for four months to obtain against the Allies. What are his chances?

It must be obvious to everyone who studies the details of these battles carefully that the armies of the Allies and of the enemy are sharply contrasted. Individually, the Germans are less courageous than the Allies, though their corporate courage is excelled by no troops in the field. The tactical value of the troops of the two groups varies in just the opposite way. It is probable that no troops since the beginning of the war have had the tactical finish possessed by many of the Germans at present. But, on the other hand, the collective tactical ability of the Allies is considerably higher than that of the enemy. The Allies have been more versatile throughout the war, and their recent assaults have been models of tactical versatility. The attack by massed guns was an Allied expedient, and it was they who first attacked without the heavy bombardment. But we must notice that although the British and French secured the advantage of surprise in the recent attack, and penetrated much deeper than the Germans on March 21st, the enemy was able to rally on the third day of the attack. When we remember the number of prisoners taken and the number of guns secured, the German recovery is one of the most surprising things in the war. There were seven or eight divisions holding the line. They lost very heavily in prisoners—over two divisions of bayonets in the first two days. They lost guns of all calibres in great numbers, and they must have lost heavily in killed and wounded. Yet on the third day they were able to hold the Allies off vital centres which had been approached almost in the first rush. The episode emphasizes the tactical difference between the troops and the probable limits to such success as awaits the Allies. The Germans with such a start would have been across the Somme. The Allied troops, when

firmly controlled from above, and when time and opportunity are given to concert a plan for the reduction of a position, can be relied upon to achieve startling results. It is when the battle has become a thousand engagements of tiny groups of individuals that the Allies prove less able, except in defence.

When we wish to estimate the chances of the Allies it is but natural that we should first consider the tactical value of the Allied troops. It is, of course, true that the Allies are now able to count upon a monthly recruitment equal to the effective yearly recruitment to the German fighting line. But, although the consensus of military opinion holds that numbers must be decisive in a war, whereas skill may save a battle against odds, it is surely idle to consider a numerical disparity which will not be overwhelming for a longer time than we care to estimate if the troops have not that excellence in the mere clash of battle that seems in the end to turn the day. It is true that daring and persistence at a certain point will cover a multitude of tactical sins, and the capture of Morlan-court was more a tribute to such qualities than to tactical ability. And it must be admitted that the sort of versatile competence shown recently by the Allies may have great possibilities. For the troops have not only gained ground and taken prisoners and guns; but they have done these things at a small cost. If we could count on a succession of such blows, sooner or later the enemy would be decisively beaten. It is impossible to continue very long to lose considerably more in prisoners alone than the total loss you inflict upon your enemy.

So far as tactics are concerned, then, the outlook is hopeful; and it is even more hopeful in the domain of strategy. When Foch attacked below Soissons he selected a sector of the front that, driven in, would secure to him greater, not to say cheaper, results than he could have obtained by a blow of many times the weight all round the salient. When he struck north of Montdidier and then south, he was again relying upon a strategy that would have the greatest effects at a minimum cost if successful. Montdidier fell without the necessity of attacking it. In effect the blow was struck at two-thirds of a great sector of the line so that the whole might be broken, that more prisoners should be cut off, and a greater disorganization produced. Compare this strategy with the early German tendency to drive against extensive sectors with a complete disregard of the lives lost in the method. We may also compare the Lys offensive with the present stroke east of Amiens. The present battle is a not too remote threat to the armies on the Vesle. If the Lassigny *massif* should be captured we find it difficult to think that the Crown Prince's armies could avoid a considerable readjustment. The Lys battle had a much less immediate bearing on the second battle of the Somme. The present blow is directed at right-angles to the communications which supply the Crown Prince's armies on the Aisne and Vesle, and hence the resistance about Lassigny is of critical importance.

But when we have said all, we are not justified in holding more than that the position has changed in our favor, and that we may conceivably finish this campaign on the lines upon which it began. We have every ground for hope; but the Germans are not yet beaten, and there are numerous signs of a prudence and economy as regards the use of troops which are as new as they are formidable. The withdrawals on the Lys, Ancre, and Avre were made to economize troops, and we must credit the German command with a patience at least comparable with that of Foch during the first four months of the campaign. Ludendorff will make whatever readjustments are necessary and strike when and where he can. Even if the present battle went no further and left the Lassigny *massif* in the hands of the enemy, it would be a great success, since it has inflicted on the enemy a heavy loss in men and material, has relieved Amiens, improved the Allies' communications, and therefore increased their effective force, and has compelled the German staff to throw most of the shrinking reserve into the battle. But the struggle is not over, and it is absurd to imagine that because we have turned the corner we are finally out of difficulty. The other day we were only a little way from

disaster. Let us not make the mistake of thinking that, in passing this moment, we have won the victory. We must measure our success by the standards which have obtained since the hard defensive lines were lost in March. It is not weakness but strength on the part of Ludendorff to exercise a rigid economy in his troops and to abandon positions when they threaten to lay too heavy a strain upon man power. The German armies are never so formidable as when they are on the defensive, and we have not yet driven them over the 1916 line.

THE AUSTRIAN DILEMMA.

THE latest phase in the condition of chronic political crisis in Austria began with the Emperor Carl's letter reserving his decision as to von Seidler's resignation on June 24th. Von Seidler had spent some six weeks in the vain attempt to prepare a majority in the Reichsrat for the Provisional Budget. He had coquetted with the idea of introducing once more a *régime* of absolutist government by paragraph 14, and on the question of this mad policy had been deserted by the more rational members of his own Cabinet, who were aware that the bread strike in Vienna of July 18th meant that it was impossible to deprive the Austrian people of both bread and Parliament. Since von Seidler was nothing more than a helplessly loyal official of the Emperor's, it seems hardly to have occurred to him that the terms on which the Emperor contemplated maintaining him in office were such as made it doubly necessary for him to persist in his resignation. He was told "that he was to examine every possibility whereby the despatch of public business might be assured by Parliamentary methods." Yet this was precisely the possibility the unfortunate man had been examining with such unpleasant results for nearly two months past. Still, he had been told, like Humpty-Dumpty, to sit upon the wall a little longer and to take another good look at the possibilities.

Perhaps only an Austrian bureaucrat could have dreamed of balancing himself there another day. Certainly only an Austrian bureaucrat could have boxed the political compass with such expedition as von Seidler had done since he succeeded Clam-Martinitz in office in July, 1917. His first important official act had been to countersign the Czech amnesty, his next to invite the Slav parties to co-operate in elaborating a reform of the Austrian constitution. Yet within six months he had granted the demands of the German nationalists, and issued an ordinance introducing regional divisions into Bohemia. And, in the meanwhile, he had done a yet more serious thing. He had made a secret agreement with the Ukraine that he would detach the portions of Galicia, which contained an overwhelming proportion of Ukrainians, from the historic Crown Land. That involved the opposition of the Poles as a body. It might be possible to govern against some of the Slavs some of the time; but this irresponsible official had taken upon himself the task of governing against all the Slavs all the time. And, since this piece of fatuity is to a German nationalist politician in Austria the extreme pinnacle of political wisdom, in proportion as von Seidler antagonized the Slavs and made his position in the Reichsrat impossible, he became the idol of the German Radicals. His fantastic doctrine that he was the State, because the Emperor had put him there, was willingly subscribed to by the Austrian Orangemen from German Bohemia and the Tyrol. They were not even open-eyed enough to see that if their constituents were angry because they received no national concessions as against their neighbor Slavs, they would be a great deal more angry if they found that in order to obtain such concessions they had to be deprived of Parliament altogether. So the German nationalists formed themselves into a personal bodyguard for von Seidler, and together they marched to defeat.

For the only chance of maintaining even the simulacrum of Parliamentary Government was to persuade the Poles to alter their attitude of opposition. In their Cracow resolutions the Poles had declared that

they would not vote a budget for von Seidler, and had thereby implied that they would be willing to consider voting it to someone else who was not personally committed to satisfying the claims of the Ukraine. Since there could be no question in the circumstances of winning the support of the Czechs or the South Slavs, the solution for a German politician of average commonsense was simple. The Germans should drop von Seidler and come to an agreement with the Poles upon the person of his successor. For a few days the attempt to reach such a compromise was made, apparently on the initiative of the Emperor himself. Count Silva Tarouca, one of the most distinguished personalities of the von Seidler Cabinet, by temper a Liberal Austrian aristocrat, who had deserved well of the State by leading an aristocratic Fronde against the Sturghk régime, sounded the various parties in question. He found the Christian Socials amenable; but the German Radicals clung desperately to the person of von Seidler, whom they now regarded, in spite of the vagaries of his Premiership, as in himself a guarantee that the impossible policy which they desired should be carried out. They wanted a Parliament and they wanted von Seidler, and they would take the risk of insisting upon a *contradictio in adjecto*.

Accordingly, after he had received the appropriate report from Silva Tarouca, the Emperor wrote to von Seidler finally refusing his resignation and continuing:—

"Since, on the other hand, it is my firm will to admit no breach of parliamentary activities, I have determined to summon the Reichsrat to continue its work on July 16th."

Thus, after three months' negotiation, during which it is hard, from the absolutely objective point of view, to say whether von Seidler or the German Radical Parties had conducted themselves more blindly, von Seidler found himself in a far worse situation than he was when he so light-heartedly adjourned the Reichsrat, after persuading the Socialists to vote the Budget on the understanding that the Parliament would be kept in being. Now there was no hope of government by paragraph 14, which seemed always to be the golden hope of his official mind. He had, willy-nilly, to face the Reichsrat on the appointed day. To delay the convocation of the Reichsrat at this juncture would be an official confession of bankruptcy before the world. But, in addition to this, he had now to face the Reichsrat not as the professedly impartial arbiter between the nationalities and their conflicting claims, but as the avowed champion of the German impossibilists. With his German Bohemian ordinance he had placed himself on the ground of the most vulgar parish pump politicians. Here defeat was inevitable.

More negotiations of the usual kind followed. Apparently von Seidler still hoped at the eleventh hour, by demonstrating the impossibility of securing a guarantee of a majority from the party leaders, to secure from the Emperor the power to dissolve the Reichsrat. At least this is the interpretation placed by the "Fremdenblatt" upon a mysterious hurried visit paid by von Seidler to the Emperor on July 13th, which was followed by an equally mysterious summons to the party leaders to meet him in conclave that night. But the Emperor was better advised, if he was really asked to consider the plan of absolutist government. The Reichsrat met on July 16th. What von Seidler can have hoped to achieve by his opening speech it is hard to conceive. He must have known that he had no chance of a majority for his Budget, and that his retirement was now inevitable. Yet he chose to gain the applause of the German Radicals by proclaiming his determination to steer the German course in the following terms:—

"It is impossible to govern Austria in opposition to the Germans or without the Germans. In certain circumstances the Lower House might obtain a majority without the Germans and opposed to them, but the composition of this majority would be such as simply to preclude the idea of a constructive state policy. The German people is, and always has been, the backbone of this diversely composed state."

That might have been all very well if von Seidler had been able to pass his Budget, though it was quite untrue

to say that in the past it had proved impossible to govern without the Germans. But to nail the German flag to the mast in this way, and to be immediately beaten on a division was a proceeding which showed that von Seidler stood for statesmanship precisely on the intellectual level of his now enthusiastic radical *claque*. He had merely succeeded in making the German claim ridiculous. Nevertheless, that von Seidler should have failed so signally to justify the Emperor's incomprehensible confidence in him gives no ground for supposing that a more able diplomat would have done any better. On the contrary, the speech which Count Czernin made in the Upper House in reply to von Seidler's speech there suggests that he at least, though his ability is many times greater than that of the ex-Premier, would have done much worse. But Czernin's speech was for other reasons important and symptomatic. He began by giving his whole-hearted support to the German course which von Seidler had proclaimed; his only doubt was whether the act would be adequate to the will. The German course was necessary because internal policy must correspond to external policy, and the German course in foreign policy was necessary because Austria-Hungary could not be neutral towards Germany during the war; she must be either her ally or her enemy. Finally, he suggested that since both sides declared themselves open to proposals, but neither would assume the responsibility of making them, the belligerents should submit their terms of peace to a neutral power who should examine them and see whether there was any prospect of an agreement.

No one, either in Germany or among the Entente powers, seems to have taken this proposal seriously, and the importance of Czernin's speech does not lie therein, but in the nature of his argument for the German course. It is all very well for Czernin to speak of absolute loyalty to Germany being the prerequisite of success in Austria-Hungary's efforts for peace; it is exactly this unquestioned fidelity which makes Austrian mediation impossible. For to which Germany is Austria loyal? Czernin himself was loyal to von Kühlmann's Germany, and the consequence of that was that Austria-Hungary joined in imposing the peace of Brest-Litovsk upon Russia and the crushing Bucarest peace on Roumania (though indeed in this case it now appears that Czernin acted largely on his own initiative). Meanwhile, von Kühlmann has been replaced by a known pan-German. Does Czernin propose to be loyal to von Hintze's Germany also? Czernin may declare that Austria would never tolerate that the war should be prolonged for the annexationist war-aims of Germany, but the plain fact of the matter is that Germany, as constituted in August, 1918, will pay no attention to Austria's platonic warnings. The part which Czernin played in the peace of Brest-Litovsk must be fresh in his mind. It was not his own will which led him to make a chaos of Austria's domestic politics by throwing the Poles into active opposition. General Hoffmann threw the sword of the German Higher Command into the scale, and Count Czernin had to accept the verdict. Can he therefore imagine that the declaration of Austria-Hungary's unconditional loyalty to Germany's undefined demands in the West and her absolute refusal to accept an international settlement in the East, is likely to prove a recommendation of her as the intermediary of peace? Yet for the chance of this fantastic possibility he is prepared to support the dragooning of the Slav populations in Austria-Hungary in flat defiance of all the equity of which President Wilson has made himself the acknowledged champion.

If Czernin was serious in his argument, as there is no reason to doubt that he was, he deserves a serious reply. It is simple. The German course in Austria and peace are irreconcilable, and that in the view of persons who are by no means of opinion that the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary is a war-aim of the Allies. To this Czernin would reply that the reform of Austria and the German alliance are also irreconcilable. They doubtless are. Austria-Hungary has now become the country where every problem leads to a fundamental dilemma. The secret of its resolution may lie in either

of two directions. The autocracy of the High Command in Germany may be challenged by a Reichstag which shows political determination, in which case loyalty to Germany may no longer be synonymous with treachery against the peace of the world. Or the Austrian Socialists may take the reform of Austria-Hungary into their own hands. If either of these things should happen, it will be the duty of the Entente to show that it is honest in its desire to safeguard the peace of the world.

WHO IS TO PAY?

Two members of the plutocracy—one in the Government and one in with it—have both stated recently that we cannot expect to achieve our war aims in less than three years. Lord Rothermere said three; Lord Leverhulme said from three to five years. Now already as a result of the war the income-tax on large incomes is double what Socialists proposed in pre-war days. There was a very useful debate on the subject in the House of Lords last week (August 5th). It was initiated by Lord Inchcape, who pointed out that judges drawing £5,000 a year only got £3,212 after income-tax and estate duty have been deducted, while a Civil Servant with £700 a year only gets about £560. The Archbishop of Canterbury receives less than half his nominal salary. Mr. Bonar Law raised the income-tax this year, much less than was expected. He added a shilling in the £ to small men and two shillings to the super-taxed class. But even at that rate, after another four years of war, the Archbishop of Canterbury's taxes will probably exceed his income, and he will have to rely entirely upon spiritual succor, while a judge will only receive a few hundreds. If we content ourselves with another three years—taking the more optimistic date of the knock-out—the income-tax will have absorbed three-fourths of the larger incomes supposing it to progress at the modest rate established by Mr. Bonar Law.

We are indeed living, as Lord Inchcape said, in a fool's paradise. If the tax-gatherer is the best school-master the loan-monger is the worst. All our seeming prosperity is due to expenditure on destruction out of borrowed money. Every week 40 millions sterling (requiring a permanent annual charge of two millions for interest) is being added to the dead-weight debt. And we cannot be sure that after the peace a penny in the income-tax will yield much more than three millions sterling. The debt, we are officially told, will amount to eight thousand millions next March, and one-eighth of that sum (according to Mr. Bonar Law) represents the work of ten million men for a whole year. When this war broke out, in August, 1914, the national debt was 650 millions. After Waterloo it was about 830 millions, and during the long years of economic misery which followed, a strong popular clamor was heard in favor of some form of repudiation.

After the war another struggle will begin over the question, Who is to Pay? That question is already the anxiety of the rich; and that is why some capitalists are already turning desperately to Protection and other economic fallacies. If peace with security and honor can only be attained by the last man and the last shilling, there ought to be a strenuous and concerted effort on the part of Liberals to insist at any rate upon less waste and less borrowing. Political activity will begin in the autumn. New candidates will address new electorates. The adoption of Colonial Preference by the War Cabinet is an economic challenge to Liberalism which it can hardly refuse to take up. But in doing so Liberals ought to insist upon a thorough public discussion not only of taxation, but of the war debt and the whole of our financial policy. Those who wish to study the subject should procure the House of Lords debate and also the excellent reports of the House of Commons Committees on Expenditure, which can be had for a very few pence. The Government is careering madly towards a precipice, and those who wish to save the country from ruin should endeavor by every possible means to dispel the mystery and obscurity in which the finances of the war are involved.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

ARE we really "slipping back to Burke" in our view of the Russian Revolution? I should not be surprised to read in some morning's "Times" a glorification of the Tsaritsa, in the style of the famous apostrophe to Marie Antoinette. Already I am told that the duty of the British Empire is to "smash" the military power of the German and Austrian prisoners, and "rid" Siberia of the Bolsheviks. The German and Austrian prisoners are Socialists and revolutionaries, and I was under the impression that we were engaged in a revolutionary mission in Germany. Undoubtedly "self-determination" is an Allied object. Apparently the self-determination of the Greater Russians is to be determined for them much in the sense in which Germany determined that of the Ukrainians, that is to say, as a partisan of "Whites" (or "Greys") against "Reds," of modern Bourbons against new-fashioned Jacobins. Some time or another, the larger moral and political issues of the war must be referred to the democracy in whose name they are raised, and in that case what camouflage will avail to give meaning and coherence to them? What historian, however friendly, can construct a plausible theory of the Russian intervention? And, above all, how can we Liberals, fresh from "C. B.'s" warning that good Government was no substitute for self-government, suffer ourselves to be dragged at the heels of the fanatics of the "Morning Post" and the "Echo de Paris" into action that makes Liberalism, British and American, their tool and executioner? I am not an unqualified admirer of the Prime Minister; but I cannot think, as I read his hesitating reflections on Anglo-Russian relationships, that even he approves. There is a right way in Russia, and I am convinced that Mr. Lockhart, the latest victim of our capital error in policy, would be its natural and sympathetic agent. The instinct which should teach us to shun the Governmental question also impels us to lend industrial Russia all the help and sympathetic counsel we can supply. It is the task of reconstruction which is before her, as it will one day be before us, and Great Britain and America are her natural tutors in it.

THE countryside has bloomed out into the most glorious beauty of harvest weather I have ever witnessed. It is years since such wheatfields were seen garlanded with so great a richness of coloring in the surrounding green of meadow and hedge-row. In spite of the deficiency of labor, the yield will, I think, be garnered. Ford motor-tractors, moving at five miles an hour, are sweeping down the swathes in fine style; the days of the old six weeks' harvest are gone for ever. Wages are at 30s. (they were about 17s. before the war); the land-girl (something of a portent in her way) is an institution; in spite of the food rationing a rude plenty abounds; the day of the reorganization of the village is at hand. In twenty years every village in England may be an industrial unit, electing its parson, managing its public-house, distributing its allotments, and arranging its share of motor traction and fertilising agents: instructed, in short, in the delightful and ever-developing business of scientific farming and gardening. There is no end of scope for change. And though the war may bring sad reverses to our industry, it would not be at all surprising if it were the remaking of our agriculture.

THE industrial position is much more serious. I see "Common Sense" quotes the figures of the enormous

increase in direct American trade with the East. Our Emporium trade is falling off fast, and the volume of direct importation to America is growing at an even greater rate. The direct American trade in tin, jute, rubber, cocoa, tea, copra has gone up for the later years of the war by leaps and bounds, and there seems no reason. Even after the lifting of the peril of the submarine, why should it stop? When trade finds a shorter and easier passage to its port it usually keeps it. America will have the ships to assist this transference of route, which she did not have before the war, and for many months after the conclusion of peace we shall be short. Moreover, the burdens on our trade will be a serious handicap as compared to a lighter American taxation, with America's new position as the world's creditor, and with her greater territory and power of industrial development. Lord Inchcape may have taken a too sombre view of our after-war finance, but I imagine his present conclusions are those of the City. Ten shillings in the £ income-tax is something of a clog to the feet of enterprise; yet the Never-Endians of Europe are busy clamping it on, as if it were wings of Mercury. Yet it is becoming perfectly clear that America is going to fly where we may not be able to walk, and though her prosperity may in some degree ultimately be reflected in ours, I do not see an empty Liverpool and Port of London as a vision of splendor.

THE late Mr. Morgan Richards was a pleasant and very handsome figure, and in the time of his daughter's life and fame a very happy one. Her untimely death clouded his days, for her gifts were sources of intense pride and gratification to that simple-minded man. He remained in society, but seemed to have lost his zest for it.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE.

THE men led Jesus by way of the path outside the south wall to the house of the High Priest on Mount Zion. It was past midnight. Balilla, the woman who kept the gate, opened it, and the men brought Jesus into the courtyard. I spoke to her (for she knew me), and she let me follow with Peter. When we were inside the gate the men began to debate whether it was Annas or Caiaphas for whom they had to ask, and one said where was Judas Iscariot, who knew. But Judas was not there, so they agreed to ask for the High Priest only and leave it to the servants to decide between Annas and Caiaphas. Then they took Jesus across the courtyard to the door of the house where they were told that the High Priest slept.

"We had orders to bring this man before him," said the Chief of the Temple officials.

"Wait, then, till I rouse the High Priest," said the servant, and the men took Jesus apart into a corner of the courtyard where they guarded him so that none could come to speech of him. The servants of the High Priest came out from the house to stare at Jesus and to ask curious questions of the men, and soon there came a cry from the doorway that Annas waited within, and the men hastily rose and led Jesus inside, and as many of us as could crowded after him.

Annas sat in the inner-room. The men led Jesus before him and stationed him there with the Temple officials on either side of him. The High Priest (as some still held him to be) was old and bent. The skin on his bony hands was the soft, wrinkled skin of the aged, and his voice was cracked and wavering. He began to question the men as to who Jesus was and why they had

taken him, and when they had answered he turned to Jesus.

"What have you to say for yourself?" he asked. "You are accused of breaking the law. Have you any excuse to offer?"

Jesus looked steadily at the old man, and said: "You know it is against the law for you to question me thus in private and at this hour. Where are those who are to witness against me?"

At this Annas fell into a perturbation and moved his hands uneasily to and fro playing with the fringes of his garments, as if he did not know what to do. The men seeing his hesitation looked one at another as if they, too, were disturbed. Annas had all his life carried out the law, and the Temple officials had obeyed his orders and they knew that Jesus was in the right. The law forbade trial for life unless in full daylight, openly before the Council, and with all those witnesses present who were to accuse the prisoner.

At last Annas said:

"I do not know about this business for Caiaphas has it in hand. He ought to have been brought before Caiaphas."

There was a note of complaint in his voice, and growing more certain as he saw a way out of his difficulty, he said with decision:

"Yes. Take him to Caiaphas." And then as the men turned to lead Jesus away, he added:

"It would be better to bind him lest he escape. Bind him now and take him away."

Someone brought a cord and the men bound Jesus. Then, making obeisance to Annas, they led Jesus to the Hall of Caiaphas, where the Council sometimes met and which adjoined the house of the High Priest. Here we waited. And in a short time Caiaphas entered and took his seat at the head of the room. His mien was that of a man who has made up his mind, and his voice was hard and determined as he called for the prisoner to be led forward. The men brought Jesus forward alertly as if the certainty in the mien of Caiaphas gave them security also.

Caiaphas fixed his hawk's eyes on Jesus, and looked him up and down examining the disorder of his clothing where the rope bound his arms tightly to his sides. Then he said:

"You are called Jesus of Nazareth, I believe?" and Jesus answered:

"I am he."

Caiaphas went on.

"You claim to be a prophet and to have a message for the world? Are you alone? Where are your followers?"

Jesus did not reply. His eyes met those of the High Priest gravely and sadly, but he made no answer, and Caiaphas, irritated, demanded:

"Are you aware that you are here to answer with your life for the harm that you have done? Do you refuse to reply when I question you as to your teaching?"

Jesus answered gently:

"I never taught in secret. I spoke openly to all the world. I taught always in public places, in the synagogues, and in the Courts of the Temple where the Jews meet daily."

There came a certain sternness into his voice, and he asked:

"Why do you question me? It is illegal. Ask those who heard me teach. They know what I said."

A great anger flamed into the face of Caiaphas and he half rose from his seat. Seeing this, one of the officials raised his hand and struck Jesus a blow on the mouth.

"How dare you answer the High Priest so?" he said.

The blood ran down the face of Jesus and he could not wipe it off because his arms were bound, but he answered without resentment:

"If I have taught what is wrong bring witnesses to give evidence against me openly before the Council. If I am right in asking this, why do you smite me?"

At this Caiaphas fell into a rage, and motioning to the men, said, grimly:

"Take him away. He shall have his witnesses. Lead him outside now and guard him, and they shall be found and the Council called."

So the men took Jesus into the courtyard and led him to the corner-seat where they had guarded him before, and before they had well settled down again we saw the messengers go forth from Caiaphas.

"They go for the witnesses," said one of the officials, and the others laughed and said that Caiaphas was not one to let the grass grow under his feet, and then they called to the servants saying that the night was cold; so the servants brought out a brazier and charcoal for a fire at which the men could warm themselves. They all stood near Jesus in the firelight and talked, but Jesus sat silent, his face white, save where the blood had dried upon it.

"The cheek of him asking for witnesses!" said one of the men. "You would think he was a great lord the way he spoke." And another said:

"Caiaphas will soon show him his place. What is he but a peasant, no better than us?" And suddenly one of the men came close to Jesus, and said:

"Why don't you play the prophet if you are a prophet?" and he winked at one of his companions who struck Jesus a quick blow on the back of the head, and cried out: "Who struck you? If you are a prophet tell us."

I started forward but Balilla, the portress, who stood beside me, caught me by the arm.

"You will do no good," she whispered. "He is in their power. You will only make it worse for him."

I saw that it was true and that I could do nothing, so I stood with a great bitterness in my soul and watched while the men tied a kerchief round the eyes of Jesus and then played their game, one after the other buffetting him and calling out:

"Come! Play the prophet. Who struck you?"

Now whether it was that time hung heavy on her hands or whether for pity for Jesus she wished to make a diversion I know not, but Balilla began to question Peter who sat by the fire, and I heard him answer in his gruff voice. Soon they fell into a dispute, and I heard her say:

"But surely you also are one of his followers?"

Peter answered in confusion:

"What do you mean? I don't understand."

And she asked:

"Were you not also with this Jesus, the Galilean?"

The men, who had grown tired of their game, now plucked the kerchief from the eyes of Jesus and pressed round to listen, and one said to Peter:

"Of course you are one of them. You are a Galilean, too. Just listen to your accent."

And Peter hastily replied:

"I am not one of them."

The official who had arrested Jesus came forward to stir the fire, and said:

"But I myself saw you in the garden with him."

And at that Peter, cursing, rose, and said:

"I tell you I do not even know the man."

The charcoal in the brazier glowing more brightly for a moment lit up the faces of those round the fire and fell on the sad eyes of Jesus who sat watching Peter. Peter, as if moved by some inner force, turned and looked at Jesus. I know not what passed between them, but suddenly Peter put his forearm up as a man does who shields his eyes from the blinding of the sun, and then he spun round and, stumbling, went across the courtyard. I caught him in the gateway. The light of the lantern fell on his face as he fumbled with the latch. From his eyes with their red rims his soul looked forth as from a prison and the tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"I boasted," he cried. "And he said I should forsake him. But I followed, though I was afraid. You saw for yourself that I followed. And now I have denied him. Let me go. Let me go. I must be alone."

So I released him and he went.

By this time it was near daylight, and soon there came more stir as members of the Council began to pass through the courtyard, and the messengers returned

guarding those who were to witness against Jesus. It was full day when the order came to bring Jesus again into the Hall of Caiaphas.

Here Caiaphas was waiting, sitting in the high seat of the Judge, and ranged in a half-circle on either side of him sat the Council. It was not the full Council, but only some of the members, and among them few whom I knew, save Joseph of Arimathea who came late and in haste. Jesus was stood in the place of the prisoner and the witnesses were brought forward. Then Caiaphas rose, and with him rose the members of the Council, for the oath was to be taken by the witnesses.

The High Priest took the roll of the law from the official who held it ready, and unrolling it, he read aloud that great warning to those about to bear witness.

"Forget not, O witness, that this is a trial for life. In a money suit, if thy witness be wrong money may repair that wrong. But in this trial, if thou sin, the blood of the accused and the blood of his seed to the end of time shall be imputed to thee. For a man from one seal may strike off many impressions and each of them shall be exactly like the other. But the King of Kings, the Holy and the Blessed has made the forms of all men so that no one is wholly like to any other. Wherefore let us believe that the world was created for such a man as he whose life now hangs upon thy words."

The witnesses listened, standing in a little group. Their eyes wandered as they started round the Hall and one man picked his teeth with a pin.

Caiaphas having finished this reading, asked the men if after hearing these words they felt able to swear, and an official whispering to them they stood in more order and repeated one after the other:

"I will nevertheless swear," and, prompted by the official, added:

"By the Lord, the God of Heaven."

Then Caiaphas read aloud:

"Be warned that the oath which you take is not according to your own mind but to the mind of God and of this Court. As Moses said, 'Not with you only do I make this Covenant and this oath, but with God who standeth here with us this day.'"

After this the witnesses swore and then they began to give evidence. But the evidence did not agree. If one man witnessed that Jesus had said he was the Messiah another said No, he said he was to be King of the Jews, and so they went on, one saying one thing and the next a different till it seemed as if there was no end to their differences. The brows of Caiaphas knitted themselves and the members of the Council grew worried, but no progress was made. At last there came two men who witnessed that they had themselves heard Jesus speak in the Courts of the Temple and that he had claimed magical powers, saying, "I will destroy this Temple made with hands and in three days I will build another made without hands."

When the High Priest heard this he said to Jesus:

"What is the meaning of this that these men witness against you? Do you still answer nothing?"

But Jesus held his peace, and Joseph of Arimathea rose in his place, and spoke, and because of the respect in which men held him Caiaphas dare not stop him:

"The prisoner is right in refusing to answer. The law does not allow such cross-examination. It leans always to mercy and urges any member of the Council who can do so to speak in favor of the accused. Therefore I say that the words of Jesus were in this wise. That if the Temple made with hands was pulled down God could still be worshipped in the soul of man, a sanctuary built without hands. For Solomon himself, the builder of the Temple, said, 'Will God indeed dwell in this Temple? Behold! the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Him, much less this house that I have builded.' Jesus taught that there is that which is greater than any Temple, and that God asks men to give mercy not sacrifices. I maintain that these witnesses misunderstood, and that as no two testimonies agree together the Prisoner must be dismissed."

At this Caiaphas was seized with passion, and casting all law aside he sprang to his feet and cried out to Jesus:

"I adjure you by the name of the living God that

you tell us whether you are the Messiah, the Son of God?"

And Jesus answered:

"If I tell you you will not believe me. Nor if I question you in my own defence will you release me."

Then Caiaphas called out:

"Are you the Son of God?"

And Jesus said:

"You say that I am."

Caiaphas caught his outer garment and tore it straight from throat to hem, crying out to the Council:

"He has spoken blasphemy. What further need is there for witnesses? Behold! you have all heard him. What think you? Is he worthy of death?"

The members of the Council rose to their feet, and Caiaphas in haste turned to the right and put the question to the first man:

"For death or for life?" And the man answered:

"For death."

And so they all replied, save Joseph of Arimathea, who answered:

"For life."

Then the whole company of them rose up and brought Jesus to Pilate.

THE SECOND PART OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

MODERN thought is convincing us with increasing pertinacity of the importance of training the imaginative instinct in real education; and perhaps there has been no stronger evidence of this than our growing admiration for the author of "Robinson Crusoe" as a teacher of genius. We have lately been reading the Second Part again and have been once more swept off our feet by the value of the imaginative Jew in English life. More than ever we are struck with his extraordinary power of moulding his immediate environment, and even his personality, to his own legitimate purposes.

As far as we know, all that biography tells us of Daniel Defoe's origin is that his father was a butcher in St. Giles's and was called Foe or Foa, a sufficiently Jewish patronymic; but no question or doubt of his race can linger in the mind of anyone who has once grasped his personality. The De introduced by Daniel himself, supplied all that was needed to establish him among us on the most respectable basis. With his Norman prefix, he became English of the English. Disraeli, in the nineteenth century, gifted with a much cheaper imagination and an inferior method, was easily able to dramatize and represent the ruling classes of his adopted country. It needed a far deeper and more powerful mind to make of cruder materials in England of the seventeenth century a Dissenter and Whig of the sturdiest character—until he chose to turn Tory out of gratitude, that he might help poor Harley when Harley took office.

Some little justice has been done to the memory of Defoe as an early modern economist: no one has yet noted the difference between the empirical Englishman and the imaginative Jew in their attitude towards the things which are added to us. Two things, says Bacon, are sacred, religion and business. To Daniel Defoe economics of any sort were a mere matter of expediency or football, though he clearly recognized and taught us some of the real rules of the game. But the driving force of religion in his character was as real as it was in Spinoza. To the great Portuguese Jew, passing through time as a mode of Eternity in Holland, business and money were of no interest; to the naturalized—how funny the dictionary is!—English Jew such matters had at least no false values. The man who conquered the mob and got a real joy out of the pillory thrice inflicted, discovered even greater value in the Judaic Christianity of Protestant England than in the economics he taught us.

But the real value of this, too, as he grew older, he was able to estimate with wonderful precision. There is no more beautiful sketch of character in the whole of our literature than the young French priest whom

Crusoe rescued from the burning ship and nearly left on his island to convert the savages.

Surely the time has come to teach some of our teachers the road to success. Robinson Crusoe is known to the average schoolboy as a pantomime subject merely; just a fairy tale to be travestied, vulgarized, and spoilt at Christmastide. Why should we not turn other leaves in the book and use the story as Defoe himself did, not only as an avenue through romance to the practicalities of life, but to the further vision of all that is real in reality itself—thus getting at boyhood not through work which he loathes, but through play which he loves. Like the Second Part of "Faust" and the second edition of "Hamlet," the Second Part of "Crusoe" was written late in the author's life when character had been mellowed and the surviving sparks of scattered vitality concentrated and fanned by the breath of Love into a soft and lambent flame.

The serene soul that could portray his Spaniards as extraordinarily courteous and forbearing gentlemen at a time when the word Spaniard, not without show of reason, was an English bye-word for craft and cruelty, is only less marvellous than the insight that enabled the author to see into the heart of the English sailor of his time, the descendant of the buccaneers who sailed the Spanish Main with Drake and Frobisher. The dialogue between Will Atkins and his "Indian" mistress, with Crusoe and the priest as concealed listeners; his appreciation of Atkins's value, once converted, as missionary; the dramatic power of the whole scene thrill one like the best bits of "Pilgrim's Progress."

Space will only allow a reference to one more scene, but it is one which has a special appeal to our generation; I mean the scene in Madagascar where Crusoe describes his own mingled sensations and the difficulties he has with his crew at the sight of the deliberately tortured and mangled body of one of their comrades. When the neglectful schoolboy opens the book and reads in the first sentence that Crusoe's name was really Kreutzner, and that his father came from Bremen, he may fling it aside with disdain. But if he will have the patience to read on he may be softened by the thought that Crusoe's mother "was called Robinson, of a good Yorkshire family, and that his eldest brother was a lieutenant-colonel in an English regiment of Foot in Flanders, and was killed at the Battle of Dunkirk." Finally, if he can bear to realize that Crusoe represents some of our national virtues as they passed through the brain and into the life of a great imaginative Jew of English birth, he will, after all, place this wonderful play-book on the same shelf as his Bunyan, far above the novels of Disraeli, and not too far from the Book which helped to inspire all three.

Short Studies.

PÈRE CHINOIS.

MADAME was conscious of her indigestion, assessed my probable income, saw Anne-Louise kiss the lame *faneur*, and added an extra handful to her saucepan of *petits pois* in one and the same gesture of mental activity. The evening was hot, even for a Dordogne June; and Madame was neither so young nor so slender as she once had been. A drop of perspiration gathered between her eyebrows. She removed it, but not without dignity, with the back of her hand. Yes, she had a room which would be found reasonable enough, dinner would be served in an hour and a-half: would *monsieur* have it *dedans* or *dehors*? *Dehors*? *Monsieur* was wise. The terrace, as he could see, was cool, or at any rate cooler than other places; and meanwhile, if he cared to, he could visit the famous church.

I had dreaded coming back here, since on my last visit the world had been at peace—and now? Presently I was to hear, when Madame had remembered me again, all that had happened to her of change and bereavement. But for the moment she hadn't recognized me, and I had said nothing

to recall myself to her. She was still the same Madame Bonhomme, and that at least was comforting. Three hundred miles south of Paris, too, there were as few outward signs of war as in any Cotswold or Devonshire village. Below the terrace the shining curve of the river mirrored the same poplars, broke into the same ripples. In the level fields between the opposite bank and the modern chateau of the *très riche monsieur*, now, as then, the haymakers were making the hay, the heavy oxen were pulling the wagons. Now, as then, up to their knees in water, five old women were washing their clothes. Above me on the crag's summit stood the ruins of the old castle: the streets climbed up to it in the same devious way. The shadows cast by their angles on the sun-baked cobbles were the same shadows that I had gratefully remembered. Even the same ghosts were faintly abroad, distilled from a feudalism scarcely dead—the laugh of a serving-wench, the pricking of a spear, the tuning of a guitar under the castle wall.

The door of the church stood open, and I went into it as into a grotto or cave of twilight; and there, as before, was the old white-headed priest, like some kindly hen, clucking to a brood of children. Père Chinois they called him—I had forgotten it till that moment—because of a wrinkled mandarin-like cast of countenance; and he stood as before in a pool of the rich colors, lent to the dim nave by St. Joseph's window. I had come in on tip-toe, and as I stood, listening, it was to the same placid accents and southern intonation. *Eh bien!* and presently *alors*, his lesson was being punctuated as five years ago.

I went up the church a little and dropped into a chair; a head or two turned round, but only for a moment. A flaxen-haired boy stared a fraction longer, but was spoken to by name and reminded of the laws of courtesy. He shuffled in his seat and then sat still. Père Chinois' voice was the only sound on earth. "And after the gates were shut," he said, "they had nowhere to go, so they had to find lodgings as best they could. They had no money, for they had never needed any, and would never have needed any if they had trusted the good Lord God. So they went into the town, and Adam looked for work, while poor Eve sought for a room; and presently she found one in the poorest street of the poorest quarter of the city. No, it was not like this village, set on a hill, with the beautiful meadows below it, and the strawberries in the woods. There was no river to bathe in. It was dark, dark—dark as the shadows up there under the roof. They had to work hard, so hard that Eve lost her beauty, and her eyes became heavy and her skin harsh; and Adam's back, that had been straight, like a poplar, began to lean forward, and he walked ever more slowly. All day he had to work, and far into the night, to earn enough money for his wife and child.

"Yes, there was a child. What was her name? Perhaps it was Marie-Jeanne or Babette. But, whatever it was, she was the light of her parents' life. They had lost their garden, but God had given them a child. They thought her a wonderful child and well worth working for. But most people thought her ordinary; and so she was. Adam and Eve never went near the garden again. They could never have borne, they thought, to see what they had lost. But the big sorrow of her parents' lives wasn't the sorrow of Marie-Jeanne's, just as the big sorrows of your parents' lives won't be the sorrows of yours. So she used to steal out sometimes, when she was tired of playing other games, and peep through the gates and talk to the angels. They knew she was Eve's child, but they bore no malice. The good angels never bear malice.

"*Eh bien!* One evening Marie-Jeanne was pressing her face against the bars, when she saw the two angels, each in his sentry-box, asleep on their chairs. Through the gate she saw the paths of the garden lying just as sleepily under their quilts of shade. The trees above them were heavy with fruit. The iron gate began to yield a little. Did Marie-Jeanne know that she mustn't go inside? Nobody had told her, but she knew all the same. But she went in, and there upon one of the apple trees was a big, round apple, bigger than her two fists. It hung down just at the level of her nose. Her nose turned up a little. The angels went on sleeping. She put out her fingers and stroked the great apple. It was cold as a pebble and smelt like honey. But just as she had picked it and hid it in her apron, Someone stood behind her and asked what she was doing. It was the

good Lord God, and she was very frightened. It was no good telling Him a lie, so she thought of an excuse. "Please, Sir, *mother* did it," she said. "Are you Eve's little girl?" He asked. She told Him that she was. "Yes," He said, "I thought so. But you know the rules?" Marie-Jeanne said nothing. She hung down her head. "The rules must be obeyed, you know," said the good Lord God.

"Then He put His finger under her chin and lifted up her face. 'Now I'll tell you what I'll do,' He said. 'You may keep the apple. But you and every other child must bear the mark of it; it's the brand of Eden,' he said, 'for little thieves. You shall all wear apples in your cheeks now and for ever, and if your parents and teachers let your cheeks grow pale—' He shook His head, and Marie-Jeanne trembled. Then he gave her a kiss, and she knew that she was branded. But she ate the apple up all the same. *Eh bien!* You will all come here next Thursday, and you, Jacques, must ask your mother where your apples are."

He lifted his hands in a movement of dismissal. Boots and bare feet pattered over the dead crusaders. Leaning over the wall outside, we looked down upon the village, the silver of the stream, the gold of the fields. He accepted a cigarette. "Nothing seems to have changed here," I said. He was silent for a moment. "You can't hear the guns?" he asked. "Why, no," I said. "I have heard them for four years," he replied. "I fought in '70. Perhaps you would hardly believe that?" "The air of Périgord," I said, "and the life of a philosopher." "Forty of our young men," he said, "will never come back. A few have returned, as you have already seen. All are wounded; three of them are blind." "And Madame Bonhomme," I inquired. "I dared not ask her?" He spread out his fingers. "Both," he said, "both." "But the children remain," I said, "and you still tell them pretty stories." His eyes softened and his wrinkles ran into one another. "It is for them we are fighting," he said; "one must keep them happy." "And when it is all over," I asked, "will the people turn to religion again?" "For a few years, no," he said; "but in a few years, yes. For a few years all the material things—food and soft clothes—will be worshipped as they have never been worshipped before. Who can wonder at that? It won't be wholly an evil thing. *Par exemple*, we shall all love flowers more."

"But after that?" I asked. "Women are religion's cup-bearers," he said, "and the women who have lost their lovers will begin to lose their youth. Also there will be the young women—who can tell their number?—for whom there can be no lovers coming at all. Presently they will know that—in ten, fifteen years—and then to whom will they turn if not to Jesus?" "As a last resort?" I asked. "Fortunately He won't mind that," he smiled. "No true lover does. Has *monsieur* another match?"

H. H. B.

Communications.

REFLECTIONS FROM THE FRONT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—“We all loathe war and long for peace.” The words are Mr. Bonar Law's, and they were spoken the other day at a dinner given to members of the Inter-Parliamentary Commercial Conference. And no more untrue words ever have been spoken. We do not all hate war, nor all long for peace. The average man, the common citizen-soldier, the ordinary ex-civilian company commander hates war as much as he longs for peace. But the be-ribboned general, the old time “death or glory” officer, the fiery “patriot,” the men in safe places of authority at home do not loathe war; they like it, a certain amount of it. They do not long for peace; they wish (after the certain amount of war) for peace—on the terms that they have mapped out as seeming good to them. But in their hearts there is no genuine loathing for war as an iniquitous, barbarous, cruel insanity: in their hearts there is no longing for peace as the only normal condition for normal men whose single wish is to go about their ordinary business and be themselves. This contention is true of almost all men in power in all countries to-day; and herein lies the tragedy of our present tortured world.

There can be no manner of doubt that nine out of every ten ordinary folk in all belligerent countries, whether they be soldiers or civilians, whether they be British or German, or French or Austrian, are saying to one another or to themselves to-day: “The whole of this war business is raving madness.

We care nothing for victory or national greatness or revenge upon our foes. We see how futile it is to suppose that violence heaped on violence can produce any permanent result. We know that there can be no permanent result till *after* peace, when men can be themselves and express themselves again." But such words cannot be heard aloud. We soldiers may not, civilians dare not, utter them. The whole world is in the grip of the inexorable military machine; and the men who turn the handle of the machine are like mad bulls with their heads down, roaring at one another: "Victory, or peace on my terms alone." And not one amongst them seems to have vision or imagination enough to see that it is not by terms of peace, but by what happens *after* the declaration of peace, that any lasting result, any stability for civilization can be attained.

The actual terms of peace agreed upon at the end of the war—if ever end there be—matter little. What matters is that once peace is declared all the present voiceless mob of powerless mankind will find their voice and power once again, and will be free at last to be themselves and give expression to themselves. We shall see and hear, those at least of us who survive will see and hear, surprising things in the years that follow that splendid day of peace. For it is inconceivable that the ideas which are moving in all rational minds amongst our soldiers at the Front to-day are not moving in exactly the same way in the minds of the common soldiery of Germany. It is inconceivable that the average German fighting man, who has been through years of hell in the trenches, can any longer have one word of defence left for the Prussian ideal of domination epitomized in the swaggering brutality that devastated Belgium. It is surely inconceivable that we shall much longer allow ourselves to be bamboozled by visionless rulers who cry "We all loathe the war and long for peace," and yet make the very utterance of the word they profess to love a criminal offence. For it is inconceivable that common rational humanity will not before long find expression for itself.—Yours, &c.,

France.

K.

Letters to the Editor.

A JUST PEACE.

SIR,—The Master of the Temple is reported as having said in a sermon, on August 4th, that only a just peace was worth having. Agreed; but what is a *just* peace? May I submit that, where there is no judge, there can be no justice, and that between nations, therefore, no just peace is possible nor has ever been made? Justice is a relation between contending claims, and must roughly satisfy the litigants or belligerents on both sides. One can imagine a judge, after hearing all sides as to their share in the origin of the war, and their aims at its end, pronouncing a just sentence with regard to Belgium, to Alsace-Lorraine, to Dalmatia, to the German Colonies, and so forth; but, failing such a judge, there will be as many different ideas of a just peace as there are heads in Europe. There can therefore be no just peace.

Thus one is driven to an *expedient* peace as the only one attainable, and happily that is more definable. As the world's greatest future interest is the non-recurrence of war, the most expedient peace must be one which best tends to prevent such recurrence. Which is the most likely to have that effect: a peace based on the continued antagonism of the conflicting interests which produced this war, or a peace based on the reconciliation of those interests? Obviously the latter. There is no logical escape from this conclusion, if the end of this war is not to be the beginning of the next. With an Election approaching, it would be well for us to have clear ideas of the right epithet applicable to the peace for which our votes will be asked, instead of wasting our thoughts over a "just" peace or an "honorable" peace, when no one can say what is just or what is honorable in the matter.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. FARRAR.

Ingleborough, Lancaster.

AN INCIDENT IN THE WAR FOR FREEDOM.

SIR,—Miss M. Louise Hunt was, until recently, an assistant librarian at the Central Library in Portland, Oregon. An anonymous letter, supported by an article in a newspaper, charged her with the offence of failing to subscribe to the Third Liberty Loan. This charge, according to "The Oregonian," "brought her to the notice of the Government officials and to the workers for the Third Liberty Loan." The Loan Committee sent a deputation "to ascertain why she did not subscribe to Liberty Bonds." Upon this grave charge Miss Hunt was summoned before a special meeting of the Library Board, which, after "a thorough examination," declared her guilty. "Her conduct," they pronounced, "has never in any way obstructed, or tended to obstruct the activities of our Government. Her duties in carrying out the War Savings Stamps Campaign in the Liberty Loan have been conscientiously and efficiently performed." They refuse to dismiss her.

Then began a hue and cry which occupied columns of "The Oregonian" every day. United States Attorney Haney was consulted and gave it as his considered judgment that there was no law to compel any citizen to purchase a Liberty Bond. However, he held there is a moral obligation to uphold the

Government that is even greater. "In his opinion," he said, "such a one should not be permitted to hold a public position whether she were within her legal rights or not."

"The Oregonian," in a leading article, demanded a reconsideration of the decision of the Library Board.

"There never would have been any trouble about Miss Hunt if she had merely had an opinion; but her difficulties arose when she expressed them and acted in consonance with them."

Although it was not charged against her that, prior to the action of the Loan Committee, she had made any public profession or pacifism, the publication of the views extorted from her by the Loan delegates dragged her secret crime into the open.

"The common duty of all Americans," it concludes, "is to support the war and to hasten to provide the nation with the sinews of war. No citizen may decline. No citizen may say that his country is wrong when it is right." "If our public libraries are to harbor either disloyalty or even non-loyalty they had better be closed, at least for the period of the war. Then, if Germany has its way, perhaps Miss Hunt may be able to persuade the Kaiser to unlock the doors and install German Kultur therein." "The City Federation of Women's Clubs adopted by unanimous vote a resolution protesting against the action of the trustees and declaring against the employment of any person who is disloyal to their country's policies."

The congregation of the Mount Tabor Methodist Episcopal Church passed the following solemn resolution:—

"To the Members of the Board of Directors of the Portland Library Association.

"Whereas, by refusal to buy Liberty Bonds and in other ways to support our Government in its present crisis, Miss Hunt, Assistant Librarian of our City Library, has shown an unpatriotic spirit and has rendered herself obnoxious to the loyal citizenship of our City; and, whereas such action is prejudicial to all patriotic efforts in our midst; therefore, be it resolved that we, the membership and congregation of the Mount Tabor Methodist Episcopal Church, respectfully request that the action taken by you in condemning Miss Hunt's attitude be rescinded and her resignation be requested. Signed by Pastor, President, Secretary of Official Board of Representatives of Congregation and Membership, in a unanimous vote taken Sunday morning, 1918."

The Oregon State Guard, the United Spanish War Veterans, the Association of Fathers of Soldiers and Sailors, and other important local bodies reinforce the demand. The Mayor thus expresses his sense of the gravity of the subject:

"Miss Hunt's attitude is an insult to the motherhood of our nation and to the boys who are knee-deep in the muddy trenches of France fighting for liberty (italics ours). Nothing short of her dismissal from an institution where our boys and girls are compelled to go and must of necessity come in contact with a mind that is wholly un-American and unsympathetic to our common and vital cause will suffice in this case."

Miss Hunt tendered her resignation. It was accepted, though Mr. Woodward, the protagonist of loyalty, demanded that it should be refused and that formal dismissal should be substituted, a course which received support from several other members.

The leading Luncheon Club, The Rotary, passed a resolution "congratulating the Liberty Loan Committee and William F. Woodward for their loyalty and labors in the nation's service," and declaring that "There is no place in America for the Internationalist, the concealed Bolshevik, the I.W.W. nor (sic!) the pro-German."

The Chairman of the Library Committee in his formal statement thus describes the initial action of the *Liberty* Loan Committee: "That afternoon a committee from the Loan headquarters, apparently armed with full information on the matter, called to induce her to buy Bonds. Meeting a refusal, they closed the interview with a question so grossly insulting that if any stranger had asked it of the wife or sister of any one of them he would have promptly kicked the questioner out of the house."

But Portland's fight for liberty does not stand alone. "The Oregonian" punctuates this story by an inset paragraph headed "IT'S DIFFERENT HERE" (Corvallis, Or., April 13th.) "The workmen at the Kinsman Mill rebelled to-day when one of their number refused to buy a Liberty Bond. The soliciting committee called at the mill, and twenty-nine out of the thirty men immediately signed up. Joe Sanders refused to subscribe. The other twenty-nine men then walked in to the boss and demanded that Sanders be fired. He was promptly fired."

"The Daily Telegraph" of July 10th, prints the following statement in a message of the Press conveyed by the American Chargé d'Affaires in London: "The part played by the Press of these countries in conciliating and perfecting the efforts of the liberty-loving peoples to assure the perpetuity of their hard-won rights cannot be over-estimated."

FROM A STUDENT IN AMERICA.

THE INTERVENTION IN RUSSIA.

SIR,—I never answer letters directed personally against me when the matter of the question discussed is not personal; to answer them would be especially unsuitable now, when people as individuals are of little importance and the destinies of nations are at stake.

But I should be very grateful to you if you would insert the following short explanation, which has been asked of me by many English friends, in connection with the letter inserted in No. 17 (page 447) of your journal, which letter tries to refute some statements made in my letter in the preceding number of THE NATION:—

(1) My opinion on the German orientation of many of the members of the Cadets Party—which orientation determines the direction of their policy and their counsel to the Allies in relation to the activity of the latter towards Russia—is made absolutely certain through the latest statement of

the Executive Committee of the Party itself. This states that Mr. Miliukoff, the former chief leader of the Party, has officially entered into communication with the German Government.

(2) The opinion of the Inter-Party Council of the All-Russian Constituent Assembly, adopted by the representatives of all the political parties in Russia (except those of the Cadets), is against the military intervention, if the latter cannot proceed without interference with the inner policy of Russia, and the facts show that the military intervention can hardly go forward without this interference.

The parts of the Resolution of the Council, which I omitted in my first letter, rather strengthen this opinion than weaken it.

The Council states that the military intervention might be acceptable only under the condition that it is accepted by the whole Russian people and does not touch upon their inner controversies.

The part of the Resolution belonging to this question is:—"The appearance of Allied forces on Russian territory can only be admitted by Russia with her consent for the strategic purposes of a struggle against Germany carried on together with Russian forces."

If this condition is not fulfilled, the military intervention is undesirable in the eyes of the Council of the All-Russian Constituent Assembly. It says: "The Russian nation will never acquiesce in a violation of the sovereignty of Russia by the Allied powers, in an occupation of Russian territory or in an interference in the internal policy of Russia."

These are not my words; they are the words of the representatives of the Constituent Assembly.

I myself would not write just at the present moment against the military intervention, but I will try in the nearest future to suggest some practical propositions, which, if accepted, could avert some dangers concealed in the military intervention, for Russia and the Allies, and perhaps could even turn the latter to advantage.—Yours, &c.,

DR. V. N. POLOVTSEV.

REV. F. B. MEYER AND UPSALA.

SIR,—It is the necessary, though unwritten, law, of our co-operation in the National Council of Free Churches, that we suspend action on matters about which opinion is not unanimous, until a common denominator is found. Further consideration and discussion generally lead to the discovery of a common meeting-place and formulary.

For the last eight or nine years my careful endeavor has been to avoid the expression of views on which there was division of opinion; but it is clear that I have failed in the views to which I gave *personal* expression in respect to the Upsala Conference. The Free Churches, so far as I can gather, are by no means agreed as to their policy. Some denominations are proposing to send delegates, others are definitely refraining and neutral. Under these circumstances it is the clear policy of the Free Church Council to dissociate itself from any pronouncement, and leave each denomination to adopt its own policy. At the next meeting of our Committee I will of course make the *amende honorable*.

I fear that I am incorrigible, as I distinctly believe that it is the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race to destroy a type of civilization which threatens the progress of humanity and the setting up of the new era which is slowly dawning.—Yours, &c.,

F. B. MEYER.

Memorial Hall. August 13th, 1918.

P.S.—If your correspondent inquires, he will find that the Welsh Free Church Council has come into existence as the direct result of my fostering help. But that is not pertinent to the present issue.

Poetry

FROM THE CHINESE.

I.

CROSSING AN OLD BATTLEFIELD AT NIGHT.

By T'OU HSIANG (c. 800 A.D.).

WHERE the hills, arrested, drop to level land,
Here, men say, an old fight was fought.
The frozen river gurgles a choked sigh:
The marsh-fires glitter strangely blue.
The moon is sinking; the shadowy sands are black:
The wind is laden with the dank smell of trees.
For the soul of each that died in battle here
I pray, not asking if he were friend or foe.

Translated by ARTHUR WALEY.

II.

"SWEET IS THE LOVE WHICH NATURE BRINGS."

LIGHT fleecy clouds, a gentle breeze,
The golden sun mid-sky,
A flowery path by willows fringed,
A brook that babbles by.

Worldlings, how can you understand
The gladness of my heart?
You think that I but idly play
The schoolboy truant's part.

CH'ENG HAO (A.D. 1032-1085).

Translated by A. P. TECK.

III.

THE LURE OF LOVE.

SEE the track I have worn on the grass! May I not
complain?
Does your gate open once to my knocking, ten times
that I call?
The allurements of Spring fills your garden and can't
be shut in:
A branch of red almond comes plashing me over the wall.

YEH CHING-I (A.D. 1150-1223?)

Translated by A. P. TECK.

LONDON AND THE SEA.

WHEN I see beautiful things

Nowadays,—

Young soldiers' and women's faces

That lean together at plays

In London evenings

(And the touch of the orchestra strings

Sets my heart free);—

When I meet,

Suddenly, like a star over idle spaces,

Poignant blossom of love in the crowded street

Or the country ways,—

I remember again

And awake.

For the wing of a flitting pain

Brushes my heart and is gone as I catch my breath.

Was it regret for myself?—Did I wish I were young again?

Was it grief for the others' sake?—

Those boys that should never be older,—

Faces of two in the Pit, seen there as I sat at the play,

Side by side, one's arm on the other's shoulder,

Shining clear in the half-light, visibly fey,

Glad, predestined to Death?

Maybe I did regret,—

Maybe was for a moment jealous of these,—

Felt their youth more blest than was yours or mine:

Spring was for us as for these—and for us returned—and yet,

I remember the oily seas,

The tedious drifts of the tides,

The dead vocations, where nothing was fresh or fine,

The pedant labor, where living perhaps was gained,

But little of life besides,

The barren passion, when I was mad with beauty,

And lived for so many years, like a madman, chained

By self-distrust and Duty.

But these—these crowding skiffs

On the seas of Love to-day—

Fleet after fleet, full sail for the toppling cliffs,

For the flash of the thundering spray,

Asking no treasure of Earth;

Full speed, stem on, they press.

And I know it, sure,

That for every one of them Love shall have done no less—

Nay, indeed, far more

Than Love did once for me of so much less worth.

For I remember, and wake:

Remember as once I knew;—

Know that the crags where the rollers break

Shall be broken, and they steer laughing through,

And the sea go with them too!

For I remember the gate—

The door of the kingdom of Death,

That is also the kingdom of Life—

And that same sea its sea

Where I drew privileged breath,

Where my heart once was free,

Where, for a merciful instant, Love unsealed my eyes to see.

S. O.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Bismarck." (Makers of the Nineteenth Century Series.) By C. Grant Robertson. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "France: Medieval and Modern." A History. By Arthur Hassall. (Clarendon Press. 5s. net.)
 "The Social History of England." By Frederick Bradshaw. (University Tutorial Press.)
 "The Twin Ideals: An Educated Commonwealth. By Sir James W. Barrett. Two volumes. (H. V. Lewis. 25s. net.)
 "Poems: First Series." By J. C. Squire. (Secker. 6s. net.)
 "The Sheepfold." By Laurence Housman. (Duckworth. 6s. net.)

* * *

THE result of getting something on the mind may lead to salvation, but more often than not to something different. One may never smile again. The Germans, who had something on their minds, were yet compelled to admit the force of Shakespeare, so they got round their difficulty, still without smiling, by arguing that he was a genius, and therefore essentially German. What we should do if now it could be shown that a grandfather of the poet was a German probably only Sir George Cave, who has inside information, could tell us, behind his hand. The British then might even forsake "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to make the fortune of "The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning." Thank Heaven, Heine was a Jew, though even so there were rumors that a London memorial to him was to be removed; for he was a German subject, not saved by the grace of laughing at Prussianism and preferring a life in Paris which helped to paralyze him. And now Carlyle is degraded. No wonder the morning stars have not been heard singing together of late. If intelligence was given to us as a cosmic joke, for the entertainment of the angels, then one begins to suspect the joke may have gone too far.

* * *

RECENTLY I heard it seriously—oh, so seriously—expounded (a German method, the mark of the fallen) by an eminent man of letters, that Carlyle's day was done. Few read him to-day, and nobody loves him; for he was really a Prussian at heart. He was, in effect, slain by Frederick the Great. His shrine at Chelsea was no longer visited. It was all for the best, because, after all, Carlyle could not write English, but only a gnarled and involved Teutonic bastard stuff. I watched the face of a cat, which got up to stretch itself during this discourse, with some hope; but that animal, too, looked as though it were thinking of its drowned kittens. It was the only chance, and it did not laugh. And on my way home, thinking of that serious man of letters and of his grave and appreciative listeners, I saw that even the street lamps were low, and remembered that all the wine-shops were shut. It is enough to break one's heart. If only by some inadvertence one of the angels failed to smother his great laughter in time, and we overheard it, we might, in the American phrase, "get wise to it," and in awakening embarrassment, the first sign of dawn, stop what till that moment had been an unconscious performance.

* * *

THERE is a comic side to the spectacle of men who have ability, yet who would not have fallen below their level in warming Carlyle's morning paper for him, now talking down to the dead whose mere glance once would have diminished them to their right places. His old hat on their heads would look like an umbrella to them. If you wish to prove it, get a recent edition of "Past and Present," by the Oxford Press, edited by Mr. A. M. D. Hughes, who gives it a

scholarly introduction and an appendix of full notes and references. Carlyle's worship of heroes led him to impossible and disastrous conclusions in later life, as we know. But has not ours? What are we doing now? Who are our heroes? Where are they leading us? As in Carlyle's case, our worship of heroes follows such singular instances. It is still the "strong" man we admire, the "man of action," imposing his will, without invitation, on the quiet people who would much rather be left in peace; his strength being, as we know to our cost, a savage energy which profits by the milder and better nature of his fellows, fooling it and exploiting it simply because it is milder and more generous. The "strong" and successful man is nearly always not better but much coarser in morals than his neighbors. He is more primitive, and has less compunction in using his longer canines. The hard lesson that few men are good enough to rule their fellows is no sooner learned than we find that the men whose governance would be welcomed don't want to govern, and won't. Sometimes they must, like Lincoln or Abbot Samson; but the instances are so rare that we are bound to make much of them, as though it were miraculous that a man should be a ruler and yet be wise, just, and friendly.

* * *

BUT Carlyle's instinctive delight in the masterful nature of Abbot Samson of the Monastery of St. Edmundsbury has little to do with this case; nor has his terrific indictment of that social morality we invented to excuse the horrible crimes of the Industrial Revolution; though how right he was then, and what is the punishment for such sins, the millions of the slain of these last four years testify. But see what this man, who was a German-tempered ruffian, unable to make anything but a great obscurity of smoke whence came lurid bursts of explosive light, see what he did with the Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond, and ask yourself whether anybody living, except perhaps Anatole France, could make such magic with that to help. Jocelin "cannot be called a conspicuous literary character; indeed, few mortals that have left so visible a landmark behind them can be more obscure." Once upon a time "these clear eyes of neighbor Jocelin looked on the bodily presence of King John—the very John Sansterre, or Lackland, who signed *Magna Charta* afterwards in Runnymede. Lackland, with a great retinue, boarded once, for the matter of a fortnight, in St. Edmundsbury Convent; daily in the very eyesight, palpable to the very fingers of our Jocelin: O Jocelin, what did he say, what did he do; how looked he, lived he—at very lowest, what coat or breeches had he on? Jocelin is obstinately silent. Jocelin marks down what interests him; entirely deaf to us."

* * *

So I found Jocelin in his Chronicle. It opened no magic casement for me. But Carlyle gets hold of this document, and after some preliminary passwords about Manchester, Insurrections, and Morrison's Pill, begins to tap it, and before you know what is happening to you this man, who does not know how properly to use English words, has made them get you seven centuries back to the Bury of St. Edmund, and there they keep you, till you know it, and know what is talked in its homes and what its folk think of the monastery of which you are now a part. That narrative of the monastery and the town in Norman England is as crafty a bit of conjuring with words as we have in English. Who that is with us to-day could compass it? Literally, when Carlyle has finished with you, you "come to." After that long past life has become again vivid and actual, Carlyle drops the screen of time once more with surprising suddenness. There is a perceptible moment then when it is difficult to accept the present day again. Yet we don't visit Chelsea now. We have become so clever.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

MR. YEATS PERE.

"Essays: Irish and American." By JOHN BUTLER YEATS, R.H.A. (Unwin. 4s 6d. net.)

MR. J. B. YEATS has been a success in two worlds—as a portrait-painter and as a father. We have already had an attractive account of him in the "Reveries" of his son, Mr. W. B. Yeats. When we think of him, we always see him at the moment when his son has come home from the Sligo dame-school and has told him he had been taught to sing. "Sing, then," said Mr. Yeats. And "W. B." sang:—

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land,"

"high up" in his head. Thereupon Mr. Yeats père "wrote to the old woman that I was never to be taught to sing again." Mr. Yeats, as we find him in the present volume of essays, is a man who is determined to do his utmost to quench the singing of "Little drops of water." He is suspicious of the reformist tendencies of his fellows, and is an enemy to platitudes. He enjoys originality of mind and conduct. He dives after truth with an air. Sometimes, he brings up a pearl. Sometimes, he has nothing to show for his dive but a bubble. And he is as pleased with the bubble as with the pearl. "A. E." describes his conversation as "an enchanting flow." One might have guessed as much from these essays.

The most interesting of the essays are those in which Mr. Yeats writes about Samuel Butler and J. M. Synge. Fifty years ago he was a pupil at an art school in Newman Street, which Butler also attended. Butler, according to Mr. Yeats, had no talent for art, though "to be a painter after the manner of John Bellini was for years the passion of his life." The impression he gives of Butler is self-contradictory. In his opening paragraphs he sets us against Butler by describing how, though the other students called each other by their surnames, Butler had always to be addressed as "Mr. Butler":—

"Once a daring citizen of London ventured. 'Have you been to the Alhambra, Butler?' He pronounced it 'Al'ambra'; that gave Butler his opportunity. The Englishman in possession of his aitches can always hold the many in check because of their deficiency in aitches. 'Is there an aitch in the word?' said Butler. Never again did my poor friend venture, or for that matter any of us."

One almost hates Butler for such insect-mindedness. One begins to suspect a vain and ignominious cruelty in his nature. And yet, on the next page, we find Mr. Yeats declaring that "good nature was fundamental in his character, and was, I think, the source of most of his writings and opinions." "Butler," Mr. Yeats also tells us, ". . . sets little importance on either affection or sympathy; and yet there never was a kinder man." The contradiction will puzzle many people. Perhaps we may discover in it one of the reasons why Butler's appeal has always been to so small a circle.

One had not, before reading Mr. Yeats, thought of regarding Butler as "an Englishman of 'class.'" Mr. Yeats insists that he was so, and he tells us how, one day, Butler took a student whom he liked in hand, and admonished him not to use the word "chap." May it not, however, have been Butler, the faddist about words, rather than Butler, the Englishman of "class," whom the word "chap" offended? As Mr. Yeats says on another page, "though he professed to despise style, he was a precisian in words":—

"At a restaurant which he and I frequented for our midday meal, he met 'a man who said he never 'used' hasty pudding.' This application of the verb 'use' was to him a source of endless amusement, and I heard him tell the story many times."

Other things that Mr. Yeats tells us about Butler are that "outside the classics he had read nothing except Shakespeare, 'The Origin of Species' and the Bible," and that he once glanced at Whitman, and labelled him "the

catalogue man." As for Butler's morals, Mr. Yeats informs us that, "though he avoided marriage, his flesh was weak," and we are given a curious picture of him grimacing out a confession in regard to a certain needlewoman. Mr. Yeats, in writing about him, is evidently bent upon painting a truthful portrait. That is, perhaps, why he makes Butler appear at one moment likeable, and even noble, and at another a self-centred old crank. The chapter, however, contains much pleasant small gossip. Butler himself told Mr. Yeats that "his father never became excited unless the dinner was late." That, we feel, throws a flood of light on the home life of the Butler family. Again, referring to the early sheep-farming experiment:—

"He [Butler] liked to tell of his New Zealand life and of his hatred of sheep. They were always getting lost, so that he said the word 'sheep' would be found engraved on his heart. He did not know one of his horses from another or from anybody else's horse, and he was like the Lord, whose delight is not in the strength of a horse."

The chapter on Synge is more argumentative than that on Butler. Mr. Yeats is almost more eager to defend Synge than to portray him. He defends "The Playboy of the Western World" against its author to the point, even, as the present writer thinks, of misunderstanding it. None of the characters in the play, he contends, really believes that the "Playboy" has murdered his father! He sentimentalizes the playboy into a "good-looking fellow in distress." The part was certainly not played so in Synge's life-time. It is only since he died that the "broth of a boy" interpretation has been put on the stage. The most interesting thing Mr. Yeats has to tell us about Synge, however, relates, not to his plays, but to the queer life he lived in Paris before Mr. W. B. Yeats discovered him:—

"He took up music as his profession and studied it in Germany, Rome and Paris; and having only a very small income, for economy's sake always lived with poor people. In Paris, he stayed with a man cook and his wife, who was a *couturière*. He told me that they had but one sitting-room, in which the man did his cooking and the wife her sewing, and another sewing-woman who helped. When something happened—a large order for hats came in—Synge, who by this time had given up music for philosophy, would drop his studies and apply himself also to hat-making, bending wire, &c."

He had already moved into a hotel, however, when Mr. W. B. Yeats met him, and persuaded him to abandon Paris for the West of Ireland.

In his other essays Mr. Yeats lays down the law—a pastime in which he excels—in regard to life and art, and especially in regard to the national characteristics that distinguish the Irishman from the Englishman. On the last point, especially, he rejoices in setting the world right. As in regard to Butler, so in regard to the Englishman, he seems at one moment to feel nothing but admiration, at another nothing but a perplexed discomfort. His picture of cultivated Englishmen talking together is enthusiastic in its appreciation. Only a page separates it, however, from the jibe at the Englishman's conversation with his wife about "the pain in his knee or his elbow, or the never-to-be-sufficiently-indicated pain in his head or his back, or his cough, and how it differs from every previous cough in his experience, or bears a dangerous resemblance to some other body's cough, together with the innumerable aches and pains of his wounded and suggested self-love." This appears in an essay called, "Why the Englishman is Happy," and Mr. Yeats traces the Englishman's happiness to his endless capacity for familiar conversation on the level of the wife of his bosom. "The happiest woman," he declares, ". . . is the egotist's wife. . . . He finds happiness in living in and for himself, she in living out of herself and in him. Both are pleased. It is English conjugal life as I have observed it." English readers of this chapter who are sensitive to criticism will do well to bear in mind A. E.'s warning, uttered in a preface, with regard to the Irish "disinterested love of mischief for its own dear sake." The phrase is Mr. Yeats's own, and we fancy we hear him chuckling, as he tells himself that he has once more successfully pulled an English leg.

At the same time, Mr. Yeats is not merely amusing himself as he philosophises on happiness, woman, the home, the Englishman, and morality. There is much sunny wisdom to be found in his pages by those who do not read them superficially. His mood of happiness may, at first

sight, seem to be mere hedonism. But he distinguishes the pursuit of happiness from the pursuit of pleasure, and (in spite of what he has said about the Englishman), observes:

"Egoism is unhappiness for men and women. Talleyrand called Napoleon the unamusable."

What he has always ultimately at heart is freedom of the spirit, and, if he preaches against egoism or conventionalism, it is because, as an artist, he loves the spectacle of men and women expressing themselves originally and naturally, and not living under constraint. His book is not likely to convert the reader into a Marcus Aurelius, nor is there anything in the author's creed to bring consolation to the unhappy. The happy reader, however, will feel still happier in the company of so sunny a sage. The personality that speaks through these essays is an interesting, fine, and amusing one, and his heresies, we fancy, are part of his charm.

CATHAY.

"Pencil Speakings from Peking." By A. E. GRANTHAM. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

THIS book is an attempt to study Chinese history in the light of the few religious and philosophical principles which have governed and guided the life of the Chinese for thousands of years, and to illustrate the practical results of these principles by events that have occurred at certain periods of Chinese annals. The author, who, I believe, is a lady, is appreciative in spirit, and certainly shows remarkable power and understanding of a people that has shown much vitality and has developed and preserved the world's most ancient and most original civilization. But, as implied in the title, the book is of the nature of an epitome, and does not claim to be complete in itself as a book of history, religion, or philosophy. In consequence, the author passes over in silence, or in a few brief lines, the interesting periods of Chinese history, like the "Fighting Period," "The Three Kingdoms Period," and "The Six Dynasties Period," during which many philosophers were produced, whose teachings, though they differed from those of the orthodox school of Confucius, have influenced the intellectual thoughts of the Chinese, and whose deeds and achievements have been vivified and glorified in popular novels and theatrical plays.

To confine myself to the topics that have been dealt with in the book, it will be well to examine the reasons put forth by the author to explain the longevity of China. According to her, "it was not political liberty, military glory, monopoly of trade routes, nor any such appeals to pride, greed, or vanity, but obedience to Heaven, to the Tao, creation's eternal ordinance, submission to the principles of reason and of righteousness which the Chinese selected as the main orientation of their lives," that contain "the secret of their amazing vitality."

To the Chinese, Heaven does not necessarily mean a personal God, or the absolute principles of justice and right. It represents a force which overawes all, over which men have no control, but to which men should not succumb. Its majesty, its benevolence, and its eternity are all mysterious, but can all be turned to the utility and benefit of mortal beings. With its division of seasons, with its power to make things grow, and with its beauty as disclosed in scenery, it is a force which gives men instincts, impulses, inspirations, and faculties both for reason and for action. Swayed by this force, the Chinese not only build and dedicate temples to it, and offer it sacrifice, but formulate their thoughts and direct their activities in accordance with the wishes of Heaven as revealed to all naked eyes (not to priests alone on Sundays only) in the wonders of its creation and construction.

Sages and prophets who claim no divine origin, but who are equipped with superior wisdom to observe the course of Heaven's activities, have laid down rules and moral codes to govern human conduct. It is in accordance with the division of seasons by Heaven, that men should sow in spring and reap in autumn; it is in accordance with the rule of ceaseless activity by Heaven that men should be always active and alert; it is, again, in

accordance with the nature of the bounteous liberality of Heaven, as shown in the abundance of its produce and gifts, that men should be kind to, and love, one another.

This conception of life is also traceable in Chinese architecture and art. In the palaces in Peking "the fearless use of vast, empty spaces, to balance and set off to the full the stateliness, the rich color-scheme of the buildings, the processional grouping and superb succession of gateways, courtyards, and pavilions, flow from that instinct for the Universal which is peculiarly characteristic of good Chinese art. Strongly marked in their paintings, where large, empty spaces are often deliberately introduced to draw a suggestion of the infinite into the finite subject of the picture, it can also be traced on their bronzes, their vases, in their way of grouping them."

While I fully agree with the author on this criticism and verdict, I would like to emphasize that if it were not for the strict adherence and observance by the Chinese of the teachings of the sages who transcribe their conception of life into a social and ethical system for daily practice and guide, and who give China a uniform standard of morality and civilization throughout the whole country, it would not have been possible for her to maintain social stability and vitality through all the ages of distraction and hardship.

Moreover, she has, till quite recently, been free from the competition of any other civilization. It is true that she has been invaded and conquered by her neighboring tribes, the most notorious among whom are the Mongols and the Manchus, but her civilization has survived her military reverses; and the aliens who came in to settle on her territory, have been assimilated by the Chinese to their culture and thought. The Mongols and the Manchus had practically no civilization of their own, and it was perhaps easy for the Chinese to absorb them in time into their own civilization.

Modern scientific inventions and modern community of States have, however, altered the situation, and have made it impossible for China to persist in her old traditions and customs without introducing changes in her government and in her social organization to meet changes in her environment. The present transitory period is critical, and the country is threatened with both internal disruption and external aggression. The author even anticipates that "the oldest Empire of the world may sink into a dependency of one of the newest;" and that "the race that gave the world its soundest code of ethics, its most graceful poetry, its finest handicraft, may get crushed into a mere reservoir of coolie-labor to pile up dividends for the least ethical of all human associations, the great financial, commercial, and industrial trusts."

So gloomy an outlook is a bold anticipation, and it is not unfounded. But it must be said that an increasing number of the four hundred million intelligent but misgoverned Chinese have become profoundly sensitive to the peril ahead, and have realized their responsibility to the country and to humanity for the preservation of their independence and the maintenance of their civilization. Even at the present time of materialism and strength, they have not wavered in their traditional faith in the ultimate triumph of reason over force, of justice over strength. With their memory of the glorious past, with their confidence in a bright future, and with their contempt for any superficial upstart, they have every reason to hope and to expect that, granted time, they will steer the ship of State safely through a perilous, torrential gorge to the open and smooth sea. On the other hand, the moral obligations as well as the material interests of European Powers and the United States of America will make it impossible for them to be indifferent to such a tragedy as a ruthless and non-provocative annexation of one country by another.

It is not to the interest of China alone that her independence should be preserved from destruction by a stronger military Power. She has much to contribute to the world's stock of knowledge and enlightenment, and the contribution can only be made if her originality is maintained. The author cites an instance in connection with her art by saying that "European scientific accuracy blends well with the Chinese talent for decoration," and that "in their fearless co-operation lay the promise of real progress."

This is, in fact, true not only in the case of decoration. In

literature, in philosophy, and in thoughts on government and society, Europe will be enriched by translations from Chinese relics and books which have so far not been accessible to European readers, and some of which are now shelved in the half-destroyed libraries or buried in ruined temples and towns in China. It is also hoped that with a further extension of their popular education, and with the application of scientific method, the Chinese will be enabled to develop their mental capacity—a development recently much neglected through their poverty—so that they should not only contribute with what they have produced in the past, but also with what they will invent in the future.

It is perhaps natural that, in this time of stress and turmoil, the author should inveigh against many aspects of modern European society, while she is charmed with old China. The "ruthless, thoughtless suppression" of creative instincts by modern industrialism "has already used up whole races, and is daily reducing millions to an increasingly stagnant level of tired, shallow-brained, more than half-dehumanized slaves and slave drivers, their personality numbed, their growth cramped, by the deadly monotony, the unnatural conditions, of a gigantic soulless system. . . ." "How different is the mental and moral education of handicrafts" as practised by the Chinese. It turns mere mechanics into men, to whom work . . . is not an outside discipline to which they bow only under the lash of poverty, but a vital activity answering an inner impulse, an instinctive need for self-expression."

It is, perhaps, a true picture, but the handicraft system is certainly of no avail for modern production on a large scale. It is, however, desirable, I think, that the handicraft system of production should be revived in Europe, when it is more a question of improving the quality than of increasing the quantity. But I certainly endorse the author's recommendation that "it would be well . . . if above the huckstering of our markets, the baseness of our Council Chambers, the oppression of our factories," the voice of Confucius "were to be hung up as a great bell to ring out the changeless call to the only thing that truly matters: Loving-kindness, Loving-kindness; reminding men that their most precious birth-right is not to possess but to beautify this earth, not to hate and to destroy, but to benefit and build."

S. G. CHENG.

AN ANTIQUARY'S JOTTINGS.

"Shakespeare and the Stage." By MAURICE JONAS (Drvis & Orioli. 15s. net)

MR. JONAS is one of those fortunate compilers who can treat the subject of their research with a discursiveness and lack of sequence and arrangement for which toilers in the same workshop may well envy him. His volume is rather a commonplace book of Shakespearean dramaturgy than an original contribution to the history of the theatre. And his conjunction in time with a period of fertile scholarship which has been engaged in fitting an elaborate roof upon the whole complex structure of the Renaissance drama, makes a rueful outlook for his book as a permanent contribution to the study of Shakespeare. "Shakespeare's England," Professor Thorndike's "Shakespeare's Theatre," Mr. Pollard's "Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates," Sir Sidney Lee's revised and supplemented edition of his famous biography, Mr. W. J. Laurence's "The Elizabethan Playhouse," and D'Czeiznach's brilliant fourth volume of his "Gesichte des neuen Dramas," to mention only the most prominent published during the last five years, are rather too much for a merely interested visitor at the Bankside.

The book, half of which is occupied with an appendix containing a complete annotated list of theatrical terms used by Shakespeare, discusses such subjects as inn-yards, the London theatrical companies, Court performances, Shakespeare as an actor, &c., without correlated references to one another, without a keystone of original and well-supported speculation, without proportion, and, worse need of all, an index. A study of Shakespeare's stage sans index is like a modern war sans machines. And Mr. Jonas, who,

whatever his limitations, is no pedant, need not have been so fearful that a stigma was necessarily associated with thoroughness and accuracy. On the first page of the book, for instance, the statement that "until the reign of Elizabeth, dramatic literature was really non-existent," would make Mr. Greg's hair stand on end, and in his chapter on the early drama, he ignores the Morality and Interlude. To describe John Florio, again, as "an Italian refugee," is as though one were to call Keats a friend of Leigh Hunt's, or William Morris a gentleman interested in the Eastern question. And his references to stage decoration and properties will not bear serious examination. He is not at all sure whether improvements in the stage effects took place at all, whereas there is really no doubt that the methods of theatrical presentment obeyed a steady law of elaboration from the period of the Green-Lodge-Nasle-Kyd group, down to the closing of the theatres in 1647. It was only the outer stage (upon which the privileged gallants sat and smoked their pipes) which was bare of all but simple properties. There was another stage, concealed from the outer by a curtain, furnished with the necessary stage accessories, and used for the main action of the play. The modern "drop" curtain is simply an extension of the principle of this curtailed stage. In fact, the easiest way to realize the Elizabethan stage, is to forget the word "primitive" altogether. The differences of theatrical representation between the Elizabethans and ourselves are only comparative. Indeed, so far as the life of the theatre is concerned, all we have done is to superimpose an external fabric of lavish and meaningless ornamentation. The decorative experts of the Elizabethans did, with all their faults, devote themselves to symbolic and poetic, rather than material, invention.

In his account of the doorkeepers, besides, Mr. Jonas leaves half the evidence out. The reason that the "rufflers" used to force their way into the theatre during the third and fourth acts was because these "gatherers" had by this time been metamorphosed into supers. In the drawing of the Swan Theatre, again, he declares the play being acted to be "Twelfth Night." It is the anonymous "Nobody and Somebody." Verbal inaccuracies are trivial matters, but still mistakes like "Relique Wottonne" for "Reliquie Wottonianæ," and others, do distract the reader from an undivided attention to the text. And Mr. Jonas must really not make such volcanically disturbing remarks as to tell us that the well-known title-page of Kirkman's "The Wits," is "from an original engraving in the possession of the author," quite apart from the statement that it represents "The Red Bull Theatre," on one page, and that it does not on the other. Still, we agree that the commentator of Shakespeare pays too much regard to the letter. But when Mr. Jonas calmly assigns the whole of "Henry VIII." to Shakespeare (nobody with an ear for the Shakespearean cadence can doubt that three-quarters of it is the work of Fletcher), then we are inclined to think that he is making rather the worst of both internal and external worlds.

The truth is that Mr. Jonas's book is of very little value to the Shakespearean student. But there are other ways of looking at it. If we treat it as the agreeable stroll of an antiquary, embellished with numbers of facsimiles and reproductions (like the flowers by the wayside), and enlivened by much curious information and many extracts from contemporary books, then he makes an enjoyable companion. And the list of dramatic references, with good notes on the appendix, although arranged by a very genius of perversity, is of unquestionable service. Lastly, Mr. Jonas's critical eruptions into modernism really do afford one a double gratification, that both of diversion and sympathy. When talking of Burbage's (the father of the tragic actor) "The Theatre," at Shoreditch, he suddenly skips the generations with:—

"As for demolishing a slum alley, perish the thought! It would offend the aristocratic and titled owner, whose property must be protected at all costs. If I were on a Board Council, not only would I confiscate the property and quickly sweep it off the face of the earth, but would heavily fine and imprison the owners as being pests to society. The thought that Shakespeare's plays were first produced in this neighborhood . . ."

And there are many such robustious vaults over the centuries, so irrelevant that they can be narrowed for their own sake, without materially interfering with the text.

THE MILITARY VALUE OF PELMANISM.

By Maj.-Gen. Sir F. MAURICE, K.C.M.G., C.B.

(Late Director of Military Operations.)

THE Duke of Wellington described the quality of courage particularly needed by a military leader in war as "one-o'clock-in-the-morning courage." I take it that by this he meant that the greatest test of leadership is the power to make cool, quick, and reasoned decisions at a time when vitality is at its lowest, and mental and physical strain greatest. The Duke might have said with equal justice that the particular kind of memory most needed in war is the one-o'clock-in-the-morning memory. It is a comparatively easy matter to remember when life is running smoothly, when one is well-fed, rested, and undisturbed, but to remember even essentials when things are going wrong, when one is hungry, tired, and surrounded by noise and clamor, is quite another matter. This has always been recognized in the training of armies for war, and military authority has always insisted that it is not enough for a soldier to know how to perform any particular exercise or duty, but that he must know it so well as to be able to carry it out automatically when his mind, owing to strain and disturbance, has ceased to function normally. This is why drill plays such a large part in the training of the soldier for war.

Now the Pelman system provides mind-drill based on scientific principles, and taught by experienced instructors. It claims to produce not only a good memory, but concentration, self-confidence, self-control, initiative, and observation, and the thousands of letters received from soldiers who have taken the course, both before and during the war, show that it makes no empty claim.

Now there are few qualities which are more essential for the soldier than these, and in fact all the official drill-books in use before the war preached their importance, and indicated, though somewhat vaguely and uncertainly, the methods of producing them. In the renaissance of military training that followed the South African War, the Army began to recognize that his eyes are amongst a soldier's most important weapons, either of offence or defence, and training in observation became a regular part of the soldier's instruction. Good as this was, if somewhat amateurish in the methods, it fell far short of the graduated and scientific system which is to be found in Pelmanism. This unquestionably does train the eye and mind together to recall automatically all that comes within the range of vision, and in these days it is quite unnecessary to insist on the importance of this faculty to the soldier of any rank. But the greatest value of the Pelman system from a military point of view appears to me to lie especially in its power to produce a one-o'clock-in-the-morning memory. I have known of the Pelman system for some seven years. I have served both before and during the war with many who have followed it, and it is this particular characteristic of its training which

his struck me most. To any officer responsible for the lives and welfare of men, a memory which works instantly and automatically when roused suddenly from a short and insufficient nap, or when the brain is numbed by fatigue and want of sleep, is a priceless possession, and there are few gifts which lead more certainly to advancement in a military career. Of the thousand and one things that an officer in a responsible position must remember at such times, some one, and perhaps a vital one, may, and probably will, be forgotten, unless both mind and memory have been trained to cope with emergencies. Emergencies are not of everyday occurrence, even in war, and it is difficult in the long strain of such a war as this to keep the mind fit to meet emergencies when they come. The Briton, as a general rule, requires little persuasion to keep his body fit, and none at all to convince him of the necessity of having a fit body when he goes to war. Physical exercises and physical training of all kinds play a recognised part in the education of the recruit, in keeping the trained soldier up to the mark, and in restoring the convalescent. But as a nation, if we appreciate in a general way that it is of at least equal importance to keep our minds fit, we are far less certain of how to set about it than we are when it is a case of keeping our bodies hard. I can think of no better method than Pelmanism, either for keeping the mind fit in times of leisure or slackness, or for restoring mental vigor to a soldier whose mind has become flabby from overstrain or physical weakness, and I can recommend no better investment than a Pelman Course to the soldier on convalescent leave.

The Pelman system was designed not for war but for peace, and its exercises were originally mainly adapted to the purposes of business and commercial training, but even in that form, which is the form in which I knew it first, it was followed with great benefit by many soldiers. But since the War the number of soldiers and men who have become Pelmanists has increased so fast that special courses of Army exercises have now been arranged, and are still becoming developed. The Pelman system is not cram or trick, but a scientific method of training which has proved its value to the soldier in war, and it would, I am certain, be of the greatest benefit if it were adapted to Army training generally.

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AN ALLEGORY OF HATE.

"Foe-Farrell." By "Q." (Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch). (Collins. 6s. net.)

AN allegory, we say in our cocksure superiority, should be on the banks of the Thames in the reigns of the Tudors. It is the Old Vice frisking on the stage of a Miracle Play, an atavism which modern literary subtleties have discarded. But we need not press matters too far. It is the cocksureness one objects to, not the assumed superiority. For symbolism, a more refined growth out of allegory (though Dante used both), is no doubt an instrument more responsive to the spirit ditties of no tone. Yet one ought to conclude that allegory must satisfy some timeless need of the human spirit, or it could scarcely have been so universal a mode of literary intercourse throughout successive ages, multiform, widely differentiated, and even alien to one another in styles and fashions. And now, all of a sudden, we have a delightful literary professor and accomplished teller of stories surprising us with an allegory as unabashed as "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman." Here is an experiment in the remodelling of traditional usages as bold as any this generation has seen and much more successful and legitimate than most. The chief reason for this, we suspect, is the intimate relationship which modern preoccupation with problems of dual personality and the like, bears to the old device of the allegory. "Jekyll and Hyde" might be called an earlier experiment in the same field, were not the two abstracts personified in the concrete, between moral forces; "Foe-Farrell" is a visible double shoot springing from a single abstract emotion—the emotion of hate. Then, again, all our notions of the allegory as a circuitous, clumsy method of illustrating the affinities between art and morality are laid in ruins. The interplay, the combinations and variations governing the reaction of Foe to Farrell and Farrell to Foe are so intimate and yet so intelligibly ordered a design that they can only be compared to the modulated differences born naturally out of a unified musical score. There is more than that. Hate is personified not in one man but in two, and these two men, perfectly distinct and separate in their individualities, and thus propelled by the impulse of hate along divergent lines, are one and the same man. Yet, again, they are constantly "swapping" personalities in proportion as their moral natures are absorbed by hatred or momentarily disentangled from it.

Lastly, we arrive at the circumference of the circle. Foe and Farrell are not only two in one and one in a debasing, futile, and destroying passion; they are mankind debauched into suicide. "Foe-Farrell" is not only an allegorised drama of hate, to please the artist and the moralist; it is a microcosm of the present war, and in its sure insight into the universal laws and infallible consequences of the human emotions a prophecy, an indictment, and a way of escape. Well has Sir Arthur dedicated his book "To Any One who supposes that he has a worse enemy than himself," and well has he placed the saying of Marcus Aurelius for an inscription to the title: "The best kind of revenge is not to become like him." We are, therefore, called upon to admire this remarkable work from three different attitudes. In the first place, its implications do not interfere with an extremely vivid and well-sustained narrative whose, at the same time, occasionally perfunctory coarseness of method is derived not from the author at a loss with his material, but from the nature of the theme and its recoil upon the "protagonists." Secondly, we have to admire the delicate interaction of human psychology with the abstract forces which elevate or debase it—well poised and delicate, because by the preservation of the one we do not lose our perception of the other. Lastly, the atmospheric presence of a noble moral idea prevents us from sinking into the loneliness and despair born of the spectacle of human life cast away into the darkness of the enemy of that idea. Love and forgiveness are the simple moral of a book whose dramatization of hate and revenge is the best advocate of the angels.

A summary must inevitably coarsen what our sensibilities receive from the book itself. John Foe is an honest, cultured, devoted, but rather hard type of scientist who has given eight years' labor to a theory of character in animals. Peter Farrell, a type of crude Liberal politician,

aggressive, vulgar, self-made, pulpy, good-natured, without knowledge either of life or himself, and yet by no means positive in malice, denounces Foe in a fit of impulsive anger, as a vivisectionist. Incited by a letter of Farrell's to the "Times," the mob destroy all Foe's papers and kill his dog. A cold, studied, implacable hatred gets possession (the Biblical sense of the word comes aptly here) of Foe, who determines to hunt Farrell to the end and poison his life as Farrell had wrecked his own. Foe (Sir Arthur quotes very aptly from a story of O. Henry's about the Dyaks) becomes a head-hunter in the modern scientific spirit. His friend, who tells the story, warns him that he is too good to match himself against Farrell, but the spirit of revenge blinds him to the subtlest form of it. So we set out upon the chase. In a passage of fine skill the author makes Farrell offer his Foe a maladroit apology, fiercely rejected by Foe, who, with his *idée fixe*, cannot see the noun for the adjective. At another time, when the two enemies, now intimates (Farrell because he cannot help himself, Foe with the passion of the artist for his material), are crossing to America, the former shows a genuine solicitude upon some trivial affair to the latter. Foe writes to his friend: "But, seriously, I wouldn't back myself in this experiment against a man who obstinately persisted in forgiveness. It came on me with a flash—and I offer this tribute to the Christian religion."

Gradually the absorption of his passion, intensified from the fact that the shiftless Farrell is completely dominated by him, as far as imitating him, corrupts him, "hardening and deadening his tissue," and little by little the moral superiority swings over to Farrell, with all his pitiful weakness and fecklessness. But Farrell learns of Foe, and a growing strength of purpose enables him for a year to give the avenger the slip. When Foe takes up the scent, Farrell, the hater, is married to a woman who loves and gives him new values for life. The three are wrecked, and the woman, loved by both Farrell and Foe, and recognizing by love the likeness between the two men, dies of thirst. The two men come to an island, deserted but for a dog which attaches itself to Farrell, and Foe plays upon Farrell's dread of being left solitary by the man whom he in his turn has come to hate. Foe, now degenerated to a baseness which makes him desert Farrell on the island, is afterwards pursued by the inflexible hatred of Farrell, who succeeds in estranging from him and winning for himself the affections of another woman. Again the moral values shift places, and Foe, the hunted and the haunted, has the moral best of the persecutor, who has learned purpose, manners, and hate from him. Indeed, one of the fascinations of the book is this double drama—the conflict of the men themselves and in the wings the corresponding manoeuvres of huge and unseen forces. "I warn you," says the narrator to the once more vulgarised Farrell, "that in the act of destroying him you will destroy yourself. I look back on the end of his miserable pursuit and I prophesy the end of yours." Finally Foe, driven beyond endurance, murders Farrell and the dog (the women love; the dog hates hate) who has escaped with him from the island, and puts an end to himself to escape hydrophobia from the dog's bite. In Farrell's dead face Foe perceives his own.

The moral needs no guessing. But we will give it in the words of the skald who tells the story:

"As I see it, the more you beat Fritz by becoming like him, the more he has won. You may ride through his gates under an Arch of Triumph; but if he or his ghost sits on your saddle-bow, what's the use? You have demeaned yourself to him; you cannot shake him off, for his claws hook in you, and through the farther gate of Judgment you ride on inseparables, condemned."

The prophet does not often have the dubious satisfaction of saying, "I told you so."

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Amazing City." By JOHN F. MACDONALD. (Grant Richards. 8s. 6d.)

THE work of the late J. F. Macdonald had many faults, but behind it was the light of a kindly personality. He disarms the critical mood by his gentleness and toleration. He went about charmed with everything. Had he a touch

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of criticism to add to his unsubtle impressibility he might have been an artist of distinction. He is said to have helped in making British and French friendship possible by his understanding explanations of French life. But no such people as his bourgeoisie ever were. They were the creatures of Macdonald's amused mind. There is nothing of the happy imbecile about the French bourgeoisie, yet that is the impression one gets of the people in Macdonald's sketches—happy imbeciles and comic turns. He petted them as things innocent and childlike. Under his treatment all things became alike, and, since he possessed not so much a style as certain palpable tricks in writing—one of which was a tiresome repetition of adjectives, so that, for instance, a piece of tapestry had to be not only faded, but "faded, faded"—a volume of his sketches tends to monotony. But in recording some events he was intensely alive and real. His description of the trial of Mme. Steinheil, with its telling portrayal of the witnesses (those who are now inclined to take their political wisdom from M. Marcel Hutin, by the way, may be reminded here how deplorably he figured in this affair), and his studies of the Latin Quarter, are brilliantly designed and finished.

"Co-operation in Danish Agriculture." By HARALD FABER. (Longmans. 8s. 6d.)

A HIGHLY developed agricultural education, easily accessible town markets, and, above everything else, co-operation, were the chief causes of the remarkable success of Danish agriculture, in the opinion of Prince Kropotkin, writing several years ago. Since that time the co-operative movement has developed enormously, so that it is to Denmark, whose agricultural revival dates no further back than the war of 1864, that farming reformers and co-operators turn for their object lessons. Combination of effort supplies the most fertile means of making agricultural productivity more than intensive. Denmark has proved it. None of the numerous English books on the subject can compare in authority with Mr. Hertel's report on the "Development of the Co-operative Movement in Danish Agriculture." Mr. Faber has taken the Danish text of this report and put it into a form suitable for English readers. The different aspects of the movement—and it covers every branch of farming activity—are dealt with lucidly and exhaustively. Abundant statistics prove how output has grown, production cheapened, quality improved, and communities have been made happier by co-operation. Professor E. J. Russell, in a foreword to his valuable book, points out that in the 'eighties and 'nineties, when Europe was flooded with cheap products from America and Australasia, English Agriculture suffered a terrible set-back, but Danish Agriculture was able not only to weather the storm but even to make headway all the time.

"The Story of the Munsters: At Etreaux, Festubert, and Rue du Bois." By MRS. VICTOR RICKARD. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. 6d. net.)

It is not easy for an Englishman to read this record of an Irish regiment in the war without a feeling of guilt. He wonders whether outspoken admiration for these splendid fellows might not be questioned to-day as disloyal. "I cannot describe the horrors of it, but we were three-fourths of a battalion fighting six German battalions, without any chance of relief, and I think we really did our best." Those words were written home by an officer of an Irish regiment after Mons. They did their best, and just how fine an achievement the Irish "best" has been in this war some of us who are not Irish are privileged to know, for we have seen them in action. This little record of the Munsters is quiet, even reticent; yet the bare recital of the fidelity, skill, and dauntless courage of these Irish lads is perhaps enough. This is a book which those who are interested in the work of the troops, and who happen to be English, ought to read as a matter of duty. This reviewer writes with some prejudice of the Munsters, for he met them first in the Loos salient, and learned, for one thing, what hearty hospitality can really be. Those Irish officers had come to France from Mexico, the East—they had come by all the four winds to help us—and they were then in what was the hottest part of the line, and most of them now are dead. Mrs. Rickard pays those Fusiliers just the tribute one who knows them would prefer to have.

The Week in the City.

AFTER a good deal of optimism on the Stock Exchange, there was a slight setback on Tuesday, which affected Consols, Home Railways, and Russian securities. On Wednesday and Thursday, however, cheerfulness returned. In the Money Market the supplies of floating credit have varied a little from day to day, and the rates for short loans have been from 2½ to 3½ per cent. Silver prices have been fixed at 48 13-16d. per ounce. Foreign Exchanges, more especially Spanish, Dutch, Swiss and Scandinavian, have moved in favor of Great Britain, probably as a result of the improved military situation. Some of our leading business men have been, I hear, much impressed by the speeches of Lord Inchcape and Lord Faringdon, as well as by the Reports of the Committee on Public Expenditure. The growth of the income-tax is considered very serious. But it is by no means certain that the luxury tax will prove practicable, although the Select Committee is understood to expect from it a revenue of something like thirty millions a year. A more important problem is the question of coal; for the approaching shortage will affect manufacturers as well as individual consumers. A similar shortage is expected in the United States. Evidently it will be very difficult to distribute supplies fairly between the Allies. Thursday's Bank Return showed a further improvement in the position of the Reserve.

BASS & CO.'S REPORT.

Although the trading profit of Bass, Ratcliff & Gretton Ltd. for the year ended June 30th last was a trifle lower than for the previous year, sundry rents, interest and dividends produced £42,000 more, and £11,000 more was brought in, so that there was £53,000 more available for distribution. Trading profits amounted to £771,900, as compared with £773,100 for the previous year; expenses were £2,000 less and the net profit worked out at £308,500, as against £307,700. Sundry revenue amounted to £207,100, and £68,100 was brought from the previous accounts, giving £583,700 available for appropriation. Debenture interest and preference dividend absorbed £80,800 and £68,000 respectively, and £65,800 was reserved for doubtful debts and investment depreciation, as against £47,400 a year ago. A sum of £50,000 goes to reserve, and £53,550 is provided for income-tax. The ordinary dividend is raised from 14 per cent., paid less income-tax, to 15 per cent. paid free of income-tax, and £61,600, or £6,000 less is carried forward. There is an increase of £554,400 shown in investments, and a decline of £130,800 in licensed properties, and of £117,200 in debtors. Creditors show an increase of £245,600.

THE RISE IN HOME RAILS.

The Home Railway Market has burst into activity after a long drawn-out period of quietude. Dealings have been on a large scale resembling the pre-war days. The attention of operators has been mainly concentrated on the low-priced speculative counters which, curiously enough, have all gone beyond the pre-war making-up prices. The table below shows how prices have risen:—

Name of Line.	Price July 27, 1914.	Lowest Price Year 1917.	Present Price.	Rise from Lowest.
Brighton Ord.	98	68	77	9
Brighton Def.	76½	56	65	7
Gt. Eastern	45½	33½	37½x	4½
Gt. N. of Scot. Def.	21½	12½	17x	4½
Gt. Northern Def.	48½	35	40½	5½
Gt. Western	115½	85	90	7
London Chatham	12	7½	12	4½
Do. 1st Pref.	78½	54½	62½x	8½
Do. 2nd Pref.	38	23½	37	13½
Metropolitan	37½	21½	26½	5½
District Def.	21½	15	25½	10½
Midland Def.	68½	54½	59x	4½
N. British Def.	23½	12½	17	4½
N. Eastern	120½	95½	97½x	2½
N. Western	125½	89	93½x	4½
S. Eastern Def.	37½	25½	39½	14
Do. Ord.	70	51½	61x	9½
S. Western Def.	31½	21½	27	5½

Spectacular rises have occurred in the past few days in South Eastern and Chatham Stocks, partly, it is said, owing to rumors of favorable prospects in the Kent Coalfields, and to possible developments after the war in the Channel Tunnel scheme. The Heavies have lagged behind, but the whole list shows a good appreciation in prices.

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